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# THE RIVERSIDE SONG BOOK

*CONTAINING CLASSIC AMERICAN POEMS  
SET TO STANDARD MUSIC*

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

W. M. LAWRENCE

PRINCIPAL OF THE RAY SCHOOL, CHICAGO

AND

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## PREFACE.

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THIS collection has been prepared mainly for use in schools. Believing that in the preparation of school song books too little attention has been paid to the character of the words sung, we have made our selections for the most part from the writings of American poets of high standing. With these before us, we have sought for music of an equally high order with which to wed the words, and where we have introduced old and familiar songs, we have edited the music with care. In nearly all the part songs, the melody can be sung alone with good effect. We desire to acknowledge our special indebtedness to Professor C. E. R. Mueller for valuable aid rendered in the work of musical revision.

The several indexes with which the book is provided record the contents, and show the origin of the words and the music. By means of the Topical Index, the teacher may readily discover the adaptability of the book to those special occasions, like national holidays and birthday celebrations, which form an important element in school life.

We submit the result of our work to teachers and superintendents, with the hope that it may strengthen in our schools that spirit of loyalty to American ideals already nobly expressed in American poetry.

W. M. LAWRENCE.

O. BLACKMAN.



# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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<i>Title of Song.</i>	<i>Author of Words.</i>	<i>Composer, or Source, of Music.</i>	
<b>MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE</b> First sung at a Sunday-School celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832.	<i>Samuel Francis Smith</i> . . . . 1808-1895.	Unknown . . . . . Air: God Save the King, the English national anthem.	1
<b>THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY</b> . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . 1809-1894.	Carl Wilhelm . . . . . 1815-1875. Air: Die Wacht am Rhein.	2, 3
<b>TRUE FREEDOM</b> . . . . . From Stanzas on Freedom.	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . 1819-1891.	Friedrich Silcher . . . . . 1789-1860.	4
<b>OUR COUNTRY'S CALL</b> . . . . . This poem aroused great enthusiasm during the dark days of the Civil War.	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . 1794-1878.	Unknown . . . . . Air: Der Tannenbaum. The well-known songs, Lauriger Horatius and Maryland, my Maryland, are sung to this same air.	5
<b>SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE!</b> . . From The Building of the Ship.	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . 1807-1882.	German air . . . . .	6, 7
<b>THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY</b>	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . 1807-1892.	German air . . . . .	7, 8
<b>CONCORD HYMN</b> . . . . . Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . 1803-1882.	Ludwig van Beethoven . . . . 1770-1827.	9
<b>THE FALCON</b> . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . 1819-1891.	Friedrich Silcher . . . . . 1789-1860.	10
<b>OLD IRONSIDES</b> . . . . . Written when it was proposed to break up the U. S. Frigate Constitution, called Old Ironsides, as unfit for service. This appeal was greatly instrumental in saving the ship, which is still in existence.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . 1809-1894.	Unknown . . . . . Air: Andreas Hofer.	11
<b>HAIL, COLUMBIA!</b> . . . . . Written in 1798 when a war with France was thought to be inevitable.	<i>Joseph Hopkinson</i> . . . . . 1770-1842.	Phyla . . . . . The music of this song, called The President's March, written by a Philadelphia musician, Professor Phyla, was first played when Washington came to New York in 1789 to be inaugurated.	12, 13
<b>THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER</b> Written during the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814, under the title The Defence of Fort McHenry. It was set to a popular song, Adams and Liberty.	<i>Francis Scott Key</i> . . . . . 1779-1843.	Samuel Arnold . . . . . 1740-1802. Air: Anacreon in Heaven, an old English hunting-song.	14, 15
<b>THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE</b> (Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.) The editors have taken several liberties with this song, the chief of these being the use of the more appropriate title, The Red, White, and Blue, and the insertion in the third stanza of the name with which our veteran soldiers fondly greet the national banner, Old Glory. In singing the last stanza the Salute to the Flag can be given with good effect.	<i>David T. Shaw</i> . . . . .	David T. Shaw . . . . .	16, 17

<b>A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY</b>	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 1809-1894.	Unknown . . . . .	18, 19, 20
		Air: Yankee Doodle. This tune originated in France or Holland. First sung in England to the nursery rhyme "Lucy Locket lost her pocket" it was soon adapted to verses sung by the Cavaliers in ridicule of Cromwell who was said to have entered Oxford riding a small horse and wearing a single plume fastened into a sort of knot derisively called a "macaroni."	
		"Yankee Doodle came to town. Upon a Kentish pony; He stuck a feather in his cap, Upon a macaroni." When, in 1755, the Colonists were assembling under Braddock near Albany, a joke-loving British surgeon gave them this song as the latest martial music from England. The joke succeeded, and the uncouth Continentals played and sang Yankee Doodle to the great amusement of the British. Twenty-six years later Cornwallis marched to the same tune into the lines of these same old Continentals to surrender his sword and his army.	
<b>A SONG OF THE FLAG</b> . . . . .	<i>M. Woolsey Stryker</i> . . . . . 1851-	Unknown . . . . .	20
<b>ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY</b>	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 1809-1894.	Ludwig van Beethoven . . . . . 1770-1827.	21
Written for the celebration of the Mercantile Library Association, in Boston, February 22, 1856.		From the choral setting of Schiller's Hymn of Joy at the close of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.	
<b>THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL</b>	<i>William Ross Wallace</i> . . . . . 1819-1881.	Bernard Covert . . . . .	22, 23
<b>SONG OF THE NEGRO BOAT- MEN</b>	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Wenzel Müller . . . . . 1767-1835.	24, 25
From the poem At Port Royal.			
<b>HYMN, SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS OF ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C.</b>	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Albert Gottlieb Methfessel . . . . . 1785-1869.	26
<b>WHERE THE EAGLE IS KING</b> . . . . .	<i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i> . . . . . 1822-1872.	William F. Hartley . . . . .	27, 28, 29
<b>NOW</b> . . . . .	<i>Philip Paul Bliss</i> . . . . . 1838-1876.	Philip Paul Bliss . . . . .	30, 31
<b>LAUS DEO!</b> . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Jonathan Battishill . . . . . 1738-1801.	32
Written on hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.			
<b>SWANEE RIVER</b> . . . . .	<i>Stephen Collins Foster</i> . . . . . 1826-1864.	Stephen Collins Foster . . . . .	33
This song, Old Folks at Home, one of the best known ever written, is one of Foster's famous Plantation Melodies.			
<b>READY</b> . . . . .	<i>Phæbe Cary</i> . . . . . 1824-1871.	Unknown . . . . .	34,



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

vii

<b>BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC</b> Written in Washington during the Civil War, where the author had listened for hours to the tramp of marching troops going to the front.	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> . . . . . 1819-	Unknown . . . . .	36, 37
		Air: John Brown's Body. The melody was first known to be used in a negro Presbyterian church in Charleston, S. C., in 1859. Soon after it was used in the North with the words, "Say, brothers, will you meet us?" During the Civil War this song became very popular with the soldiers and the people.	
<b>THE SWEET LITTLE MAN</b> . . . . . Dedicated to the Stay-at-Home Rangers.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 1809-1894.	Scotch Air . . . . .	38, 39
		Air: Bonnie Dundee.	
<b>OUR COUNTRY</b> . . . . . From the poem read at a celebration on July 4, 1883.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy . . . . . 1809-1847.	40, 41
<b>TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND</b> Written while the author was preparing to go to the front as a soldier.	<i>Walter Kittredge</i> . . . . . 1832-	Walter Kittredge . . . . .	42, 43
<b>DECORATION DAY</b> . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	Johann Aegidius Geyer . . . . .	43
<b>THE FLAG</b> . . . . .	<i>James Riley</i> . . . . .	L. V. H. Crosby . . . . . Air: Dearest Mae. Also, It was my Last Cigar.	44
<b>CENTENNIAL HYMN</b> . . . . . Written for the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia, 1876.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	John Knowles Paine . . . . . 1839-	45
<b>O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!</b> . . . . . Written shortly after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, April 14, 1865.	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . . . 1819-1892.	C. M. Wyman . . . . .	46, 47
<b>COLUMBUS</b> . . . . .	<i>Joaquin [Cincinnatus Hiner] Miller</i> . . . . . 1841-	Arr. from the German . . . . .	47, 48
<b>UNDER THE TREES</b> . . . . .	<i>Richard Henry Stoddard</i> . . . . . 1825-	U. Munjinger . . . . .	49
<b>THE STORM SONG</b> . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 1825-1878.	Christoph Willibald Gluck . . . . . 1714-1787.	50, 51
<b>THE FISHERMEN</b> . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Christian Gottlob Neefe . . . . . 1748-1798.	52
<b>THE VOYAGERS</b> . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 1825-1878.	Friedrich Silcher . . . . . 1789-1860. Air: Die Lorelei.	53
<b>THE HUNTER'S SERENADE</b> . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 1794-1878.	German air . . . . .	54, 55
<b>WIND AND SEA</b> . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 1825-1878.	Johann Abraham Peter Schulz . . . . . 1747-1800.	56, 57
<b>A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE</b> Suggested by a morning walk on the Battery in New York, and the sight of ships and small craft under full sail.	<i>Epes Sargent</i> . . . . . 1813-1880.	Henry Russell . . . . . 1810-1900.	58
<b>FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL</b> . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Johann André . . . . . 1741-1799.	59
<b>THE CORN SONG</b> . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	German air . . . . .	60, 61
<b>THE RAVEN</b> . . . . .	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> . . . . . 1809-1849.		61

HOME, SWEET HOME . . . . .	<i>John Howard Payne</i> . . . . .	Sicilian air . . . . .	62
First sung in an opera written by Sir Henry Bishop, produced in Covent Garden Theatre, London, in 1823. The author, who was all his life a wanderer, has been called "the homeless bard of home."			
HOME AGAIN . . . . .	<i>Marshall S. Pike</i> . . . . .	Marshall S. Pike . . . . .	63
1818-1901.			
AROUND THE HEARTH . . . . .	<i>George Howland</i> . . . . .	Scotch air . . . . .	64
1823-1892.			
		Air: Auld Lang Syne.	
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> . . . . .	German air . . . . .	65
1826-1893.			
A MIDSUMMER SONG . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . . . .	Franz Abt . . . . .	66, 67
1844-1819-1885.			
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT . . . . .	<i>William E. Hickson</i> . . . . .	German air . . . . .	67
RAIN ON THE ROOF . . . . .	<i>Coates Kinney</i> . . . . .	Johann Gottlieb Naumann	68
1826-1741-1801.			
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE	<i>George Pope Morris</i> . . . . .	Johann Adam Hiller . . . . .	69
The author heard a friend make an appeal voicing the sentiment of the song. On payment of ten dollars the woodman signed a bond to spare the tree.			
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET . . . . .	<i>Samuel Woodworth</i> . . . . .	G. Kiallmark . . . . .	70
The well is still standing in Scituate, Mass., the birthplace of the author.			
		1781-	
		Air: Araby's Daughter.	
SPEED AWAY! . . . . .	<i>Isaac Baker Woodbury</i> . . . . .	Isaac Baker Woodbury . . . . .	71
1819-1858.			
The words of this song were based on the following statement current at the time the song was written, though it had probably little, if any, foundation in fact. "Among the superstitions of the Senecas is one which, for its singular beauty, is already well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. 'It is not infrequent,' says the Indian historian, 'to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once over one grave.'"			
THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . .	Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy . . . . .	72
1794-1878. 1809-1847.			
YE SAY THEY ALL HAVE PASSED AWAY	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i> . . . . .	Wellington Guernsey . . . . .	73
1791-1865. 1817-1855.			
		Air: I'll hang my harp on a willow tree.	
MY MOTHER'S MEMORY . . . . .	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> . . . . .	Karl Gottfried Wilhelm Taubert . . . . .	74
1844-1890. 1811-1891.			
THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	Charles Crozat Converse	75, 76, 77
From The Song of Hiawatha. 1807-1882. 1834-			
CHILD AND MOTHER . . . . .	<i>Eugene Field</i> . . . . .	Arr. from Voigtlaender . . . . .	78, 79
1850-1895.			

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ix

FAITHFUL . . . . .	<i>Phæbe Cary</i> . . . . . 1824-1871.	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart . . . . . 1756-1791.	80, 81
THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER .	<i>James Thomas Fields</i> . . . . . 1817-1881.	Isaac Baker Woodbury . . . . . 1819-1858.	82, 83
THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL Referring to the author's childhood home.	<i>Alice Cary</i> . . . . . 1820-1871.	Franz Peter Schubert . . . . . 1797-1828.	84
CURFEW . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	Unknown . . . . .	85
THE BRIDGE . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	M. Lindsay . . . . .	86, 87, 88, 89
THE HERITAGE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . . 1819-1891.	Arr. from the German . . . . .	90
BABY CHARLEY . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> . . . . . 1842-1881.	Old college air . . . . .	91
WILL AND I . . . . .	<i>Paul Hamilton Hayne</i> . . . . . 1830-1886.	Unknown . . . . .	92
WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD	<i>Eugene Field</i> . . . . . 1850-1895.	Giovanni Paisiello . . . . . 1741-1815.	93, 94, 95
THE PROPOSAL . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 1825-1878.	Christoph Willibald Gluck . . . . . 1714-1787.	96
MAY, THE MAIDEN . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> . . . . . 1842-1881.	Joseph Barnby . . . . . 1838-1896.	97
IDLE . . . . .	<i>Alice Cary</i> . . . . . 1820-1871.	Air : Sweet and Low. Friedrich Ludwig Seidel . . . . . 1765-1831	98, 99
SHE CAME AND WENT . . . . . Written on the death of the author's daughter.	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . . 1819-1891.	German air . . . . .	100, 101
STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT From The Spanish Student.	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	Isaac Baker Woodbury . . . . . 1819-1858.	101
NEAR IN THE FOREST . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 1825-1878.	Kreipel . . . . .	102
IN ABSENCE . . . . .	<i>Phæbe Cary</i> . . . . . 1824-1871.	Johann Michael Hayden . . . . . 1737-1806.	103
BEN BOLT . . . . . Written in 1842, at the request of N. P. Willis, and published in the New Mirror. Set to music it became one of the most popular songs ever written, as great a favorite in England as in America.	<i>Thomas Dunn English</i> . . . . . 1819-1902.	Nelson Kneass . . . . .	104, 105
THE KATYDID . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 1809-1894.	German air . . . . .	106, 107
A DREAM OF SUMMER . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	Arr. from the German . . . . .	108, 109
THINE EYES STILL SHINED .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . . 1803-1882.	Konradin Kreutzer . . . . . 1782-1849.	109, 110
THE FORTUNE IN THE DAISY .	<i>Phæbe Cary</i> . . . . . 1824-1871.	W. G. Becker . . . . .	111
THE SUMMERS COME AND GO	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 1825-1878.	Johann Abraham Peter Schulz . . . . . 1747-1800.	112, 113
NOVEMBER . . . . .	<i>Alice Cary</i> . . . . . 1820-1871.	John C. Baker . . . . . A member of the well-known Baker Family of singers. Air : The Old Granite State.	113, 114
AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	John Hullah . . . . . 1812-1884.	115
THE HUMBLE-BEE . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . . 1803-1882.	German air . . . . .	116, 117

WOODNOTES . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	<i>Wenzel Müller</i> . . . . .	117
From the poem Woodnotes. This extract refers to Emerson's intimate friend, Henry D. Thoreau, the noted author and naturalist.	1803-1882.	1767-1835.	
THE FOUNTAIN . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . .	German air . . . . .	118
	1819-1891.	Air: Buy a Broom. Originally an old German song, "Lieber Augustin" —referred to by Hans Andersen in his story, "The Swineherd."	
THE HARP AT NATURE'S ADVENT STRUNG From The Tent on the Beach.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	German air . . . . .	119
	1807-1892.		
THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	Albert Gottlieb Methfessel . . . . .	120, 121
	1807-1892.	1785-1869.	
GONE . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	Theodore Stein . . . . .	121
	1807-1892.		
DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARNING	<i>Alice Cary</i> . . . . .	Joseph Philbrick Webster	122, 123, 124
LEARN TO LIVE, AND LIVE TO LEARN Addressed to the author's little daughter.	1820-1871.	1820-1875.	
THE POET . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	English air . . . . .	125
	1803-1882.		
BABY'S RING . . . . .	<i>Phabe Cary</i> . . . . .	Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken . . . . .	126, 127
	1824-1871.	1810-1882	
ALIKE ARE LIFE AND DEATH From the poem Charles Sumner.	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	English air . . . . .	128, 129
	1807-1882.		
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW	<i>John Godfrey Saxe</i> . . . . .	Johann Christian Heinrich	129
	1816-1887.	1770-1846.	
TO MOTHER FAIRIE . . . . .	<i>Alice Cary</i> . . . . .	J. M. Sayles . . . . .	130, 131
	1820-1871.		
THERE IS NO END FOR SOULS LIKE HIS From the poem Charles Sumner.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	Unknown . . . . .	132, 133, 134
	1807-1892.	Air: What's a' the steer, Kimmer.	
THE OPEN WINDOW . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	Joseph B. Sharland . . . . .	135
	1807-1882.		
MY PSALM . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	Alfred Scott Gatty . . . . .	136, 137
	1807-1892.	1847-	
NEARER HOME . . . . .	<i>Phabe Cary</i> . . . . .	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart . . . . .	138, 139
	1824-1871.	1756-1791.	
THE RAINY DAY . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	William Richardson Dempster . . . . .	140, 141
	1807-1882.	1809-1871.	
PLEASURE-PAIN . . . . .	<i>William Dean Howells</i> . . . . .	Halfdan Kjerulf . . . . .	142, 143, 144
	1837-	1815-1868.	
I KNOW NOT WHAT THE FUTURE HATH From The Eternal Goodness.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	W. Irmer . . . . .	144
	1807-1892.		
TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	A. ten Cate . . . . .	145
	1807-1882.		
THE FATHERLAND . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . .	G. Bellman . . . . .	146, 147
	1819-1891.	Air: Schleswig-Holstein Battle Hymn.	
WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG . . . . .	<i>Francis Bret Harte</i> . . . . .	Edwin J. Hopkins . . . . .	148, 149
	1837-1902.	1818-	

LORD OF ALL BEING . . . . . From the poem A Sun-Day Hymn.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 1809-1894.	<i>Francis Linley</i> . . . . . 1774-1800.	149
SUMMER STUDIES . . . . .	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> . . . . . 1812-1896.	<i>William H. Hutchinson</i> . . . . . Air: Dream Faces.	150, 151
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	<i>L. O. Emerson</i> . . . . . 1820-	151
KRISS KRINGLE . . . . .	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i> . . . . . 1837-	<i>Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart</i> . . . . . 1756-1791. Air: Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes. County Guy, a little song by Sir Walter Scott, is also sung to this air.	152, 153
LONG TIME AGO . . . . .	<i>George Pope Morris</i> . . . . . 1802-1864.	<i>Charles Edward Horn</i> . . . . . 1786-1849. Originally a Southern negro glee beginning: "Way down in the raccoon hol- low," and subdued by Horn's genius to a sweet and plaintive song.	154
KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	<i>Edward E. Whittmore</i> . . . . . -1876	155
WALDEINSAMKEIT (Forest Solitude)	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . . 1803-1882.	<i>Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy</i> . . . . . 1809-1847. Air: Farewell to the Forest.	156, 157
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY	<i>George Washington Doane</i> . . . . . 1799-1859.	<i>Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken</i> . . . . . 1810-1882.	157
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE .	<i>Sarah Flower Adams</i> . . . . . 1805-1848.	<i>Lowell Mason</i> . . . . . 1792-1872.	158
THERE IS HOVERING ABOUT ME From the poem Intimations.	<i>Alice Cary</i> . . . . . 1820-1871.	<i>Franz Abt</i> . . . . . 1819-1885.	159, 160, 161
MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME	<i>John Burroughs</i> . . . . . 1837-	<i>E. W. Foster</i> . . . . .	162, 163, 164, 165
ANGEL OF PEACE . . . . . A Hymn of Peace sung at the National Peace Jubilee, in Boston, June 15, 1869.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 1809-1894.	<i>Matthias Keller</i> . . . . . 1813- Air: American Hymn.	166, 167, 168
MY BIRTHDAY . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	<i>Johann Friedrich Reichardt</i> . . . . . 1752-1814.	169
THE POET AND THE CHILDREN Longfellow's seventy-second birthday was widely celebrated by the school-children of America. His death occurred three years later.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . . 1807-1892.	<i>Ferdinand Gumbert</i> . . . . . 1818-	170, 171
A PSALM OF LIFE . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . . 1807-1882.	<i>Henry Smart</i> . . . . . 1813-1879.	172
THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR	<i>Fanny Crosby</i> . . . . .	<i>George Frederick Root</i> . . . . . 1820-1895.	173, 174

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
SARAH FLOWER ADAMS . . . . .	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . . 158
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH . . . . .	Kris Kringle . . . . . 152
PHILIP PAUL BLISS . . . . .	Now . . . . . 30
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT . . . . .	Our Country's Call . . . . . 5
	The Hunter's Serenade . . . . . 54
	The Indian Girl's Lament . . . . . 72
JOHN BURROUGHS . . . . .	My Own shall come to me . . . . . 162
ALICE CARY . . . . .	Don't be sorrowful, Darling . . . . . 122
	Idle . . . . . 98
	November . . . . . 113
	The Little House on the Hill . . . . . 84
	There is hovering about me . . . . . 159
	To Mother Fairie . . . . . 132
PHŒBE CARY . . . . .	Baby's Ring . . . . . 128
	Faithful . . . . . 80
	In Absence . . . . . 103
	Nearer Home . . . . . 139
	Ready . . . . . 34
	The Fortune in the Daisy . . . . . 111
FANNY CROSBY . . . . .	There's Music in the Air . . . . . 173
GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE . . . . .	Softly now the Light of Day . . . . . 157
RALPH WALDO EMERSON . . . . .	Concord Hymn . . . . . 9
	The Humble-Bee . . . . . 116
	The Poet . . . . . 126
	Thine Eyes still shined . . . . . 109
	Waldeinsamkeit . . . . . 156
	Woodnotes . . . . . 117
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH . . . . .	Ben Bolt . . . . . 104
EUGENE FIELD . . . . .	Child and Mother . . . . . 78
	Wynken, Blynken, and Nod . . . . . 93
JAMES THOMAS FIELDS . . . . .	The Captain's Daughter . . . . . 82
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER . . . . .	Swanee River . . . . . 33
RICHARD WATSON GILDER . . . . .	A Midsummer Song . . . . . 66
FRANCIS BRET HARTE . . . . .	What the Chimney sang . . . . . 148
PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE . . . . .	Will and I . . . . . 92
WILLIAM F. HICKSON . . . . .	God Speed the Right . . . . . 67
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES . . . . .	Angel of Peace . . . . . 166
	A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party . . . . . 18
	Lord of All Being . . . . . 149
	Ode for Washington's Birthday . . . . . 21
	Old Ironsides . . . . . 11
	The Flower of Liberty . . . . . 2
	The Katydid . . . . . 106
	The Sweet Little Man . . . . . 38
JOSEPH HOPKINSON . . . . .	Hail, Columbia! . . . . . 12
JULIA WARD HOWE . . . . .	Battle Hymn of the Republic . . . . . 36
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS . . . . .	Pleasure-Pain . . . . . 142
GEORGE HOWLAND . . . . .	Around the Hearth . . . . . 64
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY . . . . .	The Star-Spangled Banner . . . . . 14
COATES KINNEY . . . . .	Rain on the Roof . . . . . 68
WALTER KITTREDGE . . . . .	Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground . . . . . 42
SIDNEY LANIER . . . . .	Baby Charley . . . . . 91
	May, the Maiden . . . . . 97
LUCY LARCOM . . . . .	If I were a Sunbeam . . . . . 65
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW . . . . .	Afternoon in February . . . . . 115
	Alike are Life and Death . . . . . 129
	A Psalm of Life . . . . . 172



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW . . . . .	Curfew . . . . .	85
	Decoration Day . . . . .	43
	Sail on, O Ship of State! . . . . .	6
	Stars of the Summer Night . . . . .	101
	The Bridge . . . . .	86
	The Death of Minnehaha . . . . .	75
	The Open Window . . . . .	136
	The Rainy Day . . . . .	140
	The Reaper and the Flowers . . . . .	151
	To stay at Home is best . . . . .	145
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL . . . . .	The Falcon . . . . .	10
	The Fatherland . . . . .	146
	The Fountain . . . . .	118
	The Heritage . . . . .	90
	She came and went . . . . .	100
	True Freedom . . . . .	4
JOAQUIN MILLER . . . . .	Columbus . . . . .	47
GEORGE POPE MORRIS . . . . .	Long Time Ago . . . . .	154
	Woodman, Spare that Tree . . . . .	69
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY . . . . .	My Mother's Memory . . . . .	74
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE . . . . .	Home, Sweet Home . . . . .	62
MARSHALL S. PIKE . . . . .	Home Again . . . . .	63
EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . . .	The Raven . . . . .	61
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ . . . . .	Where the Eagle is King . . . . .	27
JAMES RILEY . . . . .	The Flag . . . . .	44
EPES SARGENT . . . . .	A Life on the Ocean Wave . . . . .	58
JOHN GODFREY SAXE . . . . .	The Old Year and the New . . . . .	150
DAVID T. SHAW . . . . .	The Red, White, and Blue . . . . .	16
LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY . . . . .	Ye say they all have passed away . . . . .	73
SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH . . . . .	My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD . . . . .	Under the Trees . . . . .	49
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE . . . . .	Summer Studies . . . . .	150
M. WOOLSEY STRYKER . . . . .	A Song of the Flag . . . . .	20
BAYARD TAYLOR . . . . .	Learn to live, and live to learn . . . . .	125
	Near in the Forest . . . . .	102
	The Proposal . . . . .	96
	The Storm Song . . . . .	50
	The Summers come and go . . . . .	112
	The Voyagers . . . . .	53
	Wind and Sea . . . . .	56
UNKNOWN . . . . .	Kind Words can never die . . . . .	155
WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE . . . . .	The Sword of Bunker Hill . . . . .	22
WALT WHITMAN . . . . .	O Captain! My Captain! . . . . .	46
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER . . . . .	A Dream of Summer . . . . .	108
	Centennial Hymn . . . . .	45
	For an Autumn Festival . . . . .	59
	Gone . . . . .	121
	Hymn sung at St. Helena's Island . . . . .	26
	I know not what the Future hath . . . . .	144
	Laus Deo! . . . . .	32
	My Birthday . . . . .	169
	My Psalm . . . . .	138
	Our Country . . . . .	40
	The Corn Song . . . . .	60
	The Fishermen . . . . .	52
	The Harp at Nature's Advent strung . . . . .	119
	The Light that is felt . . . . .	120
	The Poet and the Children . . . . .	170
	The Poor Voter on Election Day . . . . .	7
	There is no End for Souls like his . . . . .	135
	Song of the Negro Boatman . . . . .	24
ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY . . . . .	Speed Away! . . . . .	71
SAMUEL WOODWORTH . . . . .	The Old Oaken Bucket . . . . .	79

# TOPICAL INDEX.

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The following classification is intended to be merely suggestive. In celebrating the birthday of an author not represented in this collection, select songs that are in harmony with the writer's work. Thus, for example, songs relating to the sea, to Indian life, and to the American Revolution, may be used for James Fenimore Cooper; songs of nature would be appropriate for Henry David Thoreau, especially those by Emerson, his intimate friend.

## I. PATRIOTISM.

	PAGE		PAGE
My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1	Where the Eagle is King . . . . .	27
The Flower of Liberty . . . . .	2	Ready . . . . .	34
Our Country's Call . . . . .	5	Battle Hymn of the Republic . . . . .	36
Sail on, O Ship of State . . . . .	6	The Sweet Little Man . . . . .	38
Old Ironsides . . . . .	11	The Flag . . . . .	44
Hail, Columbia! . . . . .	12	Centennial Hymn . . . . .	45
The Star-Spangled Banner . . . . .	14	Columbus . . . . .	47
The Red, White, and Blue . . . . .	16	The Fatherland . . . . .	146
A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party . . . . .	18	Angel of Peace . . . . .	166
A Song of the Flag . . . . .	20		

## II. LABOR.

Centennial Hymn . . . . .	45	For an Autumn Festival . . . . .	59
The Storm Song . . . . .	50	The Corn Song . . . . .	60
The Fishermen . . . . .	52	The Heritage . . . . .	90
A Life on the Ocean Wave . . . . .	58		

## III. HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

Swanee River . . . . .	33	Curfew . . . . .	85
The Voyagers . . . . .	53	Baby Charley . . . . .	91
Home, Sweet Home . . . . .	62	Will and I . . . . .	92
Around the Hearth . . . . .	64	Wynken, Blynken, and Nod . . . . .	93
Rain on the Roof . . . . .	68	Baby's Ring . . . . .	128
The Old Oaken Bucket . . . . .	70	To Stay at Home is Best . . . . .	145
Child and Mother . . . . .	78	The Poet and the Children . . . . .	170
The Captain's Daughter . . . . .	82	There 's Music in the Air . . . . .	173
The Little House on the Hill . . . . .	84		

## IV. AFFECTION.

The Hunter's Serenade . . . . .	54	She came and went . . . . .	100
The Raven . . . . .	61	Stars of the Summer Night . . . . .	101
A Midsummer Song . . . . .	66	Near in the Forest . . . . .	102
Speed Away! . . . . .	71	In Absence . . . . .	103
The Indian Girl's Lament . . . . .	72	Ben Bolt . . . . .	104
My Mother's Memory . . . . .	74	Thine Eyes still shined . . . . .	109
Faithful . . . . .	80	The Fortune in the Daisy . . . . .	111
The Proposal . . . . .	96	Don't be sorrowful, Darling . . . . .	122
May, the Maiden . . . . .	97	Long Time Ago . . . . .	154

## V. BEREAVEMENT.

She came and went . . . . .	100	The Open Window . . . . .	136
The Light that is felt . . . . .	120	Nearer Home . . . . .	139
Gone . . . . .	121	The Reaper and the Flowers . . . . .	151
Alike are Life and Death . . . . .	129	There is hovering about me . . . . .	159
There is no End for Souls like his . . . . .	135	My Own shall come to me . . . . .	162



VI. NATURE AND SEASONS.

The Storm Song . . . . .	50	November . . . . .	113
Wind and Sea . . . . .	56	Afternoon in February . . . . .	115
A Life on the Ocean Wave . . . . .	58	The Humble-Bee . . . . .	116
For an Autumn Festival . . . . .	59	Woodnotes . . . . .	117
The Corn Song . . . . .	60	The Fountain . . . . .	118
A Midsummer Song . . . . .	66	The Harp at Nature's Advent strung . . . . .	119
Rain on the Roof . . . . .	68	The Rainy Day . . . . .	140
Will and I . . . . .	92	Pleasure-Pain . . . . .	142
Idle . . . . .	98	What the Chimney sang . . . . .	148
Katydid . . . . .	106	Summer Studies . . . . .	150
A Dream of Summer . . . . .	108	Waldeinsamkeit . . . . .	156
The Summers come and go . . . . .	112		

VII. HYMNS AND ETHICAL SONGS.

(Suitable for opening and closing school.)

The Falcon . . . . .	10	My Psalm . . . . .	138
Now . . . . .	30	Nearer Home . . . . .	139
If I were a Sunbeam . . . . .	65	The Rainy Day . . . . .	140
God Speed the Right . . . . .	67	I know not what the Future hath . . . . .	144
The Bridge . . . . .	86	Lord of All Being . . . . .	149
A Dream of Summer . . . . .	108	The Reaper and the Flowers . . . . .	151
November . . . . .	113	Kind Words can never die . . . . .	155
The Harp at Nature's Advent strung . . . . .	119	Softly now the Light of Day . . . . .	157
The Light that is felt . . . . .	120	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	158
Learn to live and live to learn . . . . .	125	There is hovering about me . . . . .	159
The Poet . . . . .	126	My Own shall come to me . . . . .	162
Alike are Life and Death . . . . .	129	My Birthday . . . . .	169
To Mother Fairie . . . . .	132	A Psalm of Life . . . . .	172
There is no End for Souls like his . . . . .	135	There's Music in the Air . . . . .	173

VIII. ELECTION DAY.

My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1	Our Country . . . . .	40
True Freedom . . . . .	4	God Speed the Right . . . . .	67
The Poor Voter on Election Day . . . . .	7	The Fatherland . . . . .	146

IX. FOURTH OF JULY.

My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1	The Red, White, and Blue . . . . .	16
The Flower of Liberty . . . . .	2	A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party . . . . .	18
Sail on, O Ship of State! . . . . .	6	The Sword of Bunker Hill . . . . .	22
Concord Hymn . . . . .	9	The Sweet Little Man . . . . .	38
Old Ironsides . . . . .	11	Our Country . . . . .	40
Hail, Columbia! . . . . .	12	The Flag . . . . .	44
The Star-Spangled Banner . . . . .	14		

X. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The Flower of Liberty . . . . .	2	The Red, White, and Blue . . . . .	16
Sail on, O Ship of State! . . . . .	6	A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party . . . . .	18
Concord Hymn . . . . .	9	Ode for Washington's Birthday . . . . .	21
Hail, Columbia! . . . . .	12	The Sword of Bunker Hill . . . . .	22
The Star-Spangled Banner . . . . .	14		

XI. BIRTHDAYS OF LINCOLN, GRANT, AND OTHER EMINENT AMERICANS.

My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1	Battle Hymn of the Republic . . . . .	36
The Flower of Liberty . . . . .	2	O Captain! My Captain! . . . . .	46
Our Country's Call . . . . .	5	Alike are Life and Death . . . . .	129
Sail on, O Ship of State! . . . . .	6	There is no End for Souls like his . . . . .	135
A Song of the Flag . . . . .	20	My Psalm . . . . .	138
Song of the Negro Boatman . . . . .	24	I know not what the Future hath . . . . .	144
Hymn sung at St. Helena's Island . . . . .	26	My Birthday . . . . .	169
Laus Deo! . . . . .	32	A Psalm of Life . . . . .	172

## XII. MEMORIAL DAY.

My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1	Battle Hymn of the Republic . . . . .	36
The Flower of Liberty . . . . .	2	Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground . . . . .	42
Our Country's Call . . . . .	5	Decoration Day . . . . .	43
Sail on, O Ship of State! . . . . .	6	The Flag . . . . .	44
Ready . . . . .	34	O Captain! My Captain! . . . . .	46

## XIII. ARBOR DAY.

Under the Trees . . . . .	49	Woodnotes . . . . .	117
Woodman, Spare that Tree . . . . .	69	The Harp at Nature's Advent strung . . . . .	119
A Dream of Summer . . . . .	108	Waldeinsamkeit . . . . .	156

## XIV. THANKSGIVING DAY AND AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

For an Autumn Festival . . . . .	59	November . . . . .	113
The Corn Song . . . . .	60	The Harp at Nature's Advent strung . . . . .	119
Home, Sweet Home . . . . .	62	I know not what the Future hath . . . . .	144
Home Again . . . . .	63	To stay at Home is best . . . . .	145
Around the Hearth . . . . .	64	What the Chimney sang . . . . .	148
The Old Oaken Bucket . . . . .	70		

## XV. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Hymn sung at St. Helena's Island . . . . .	26	Learn to live and live to learn . . . . .	125
Home, Sweet Home . . . . .	62	The Old Year and the New . . . . .	130
Around the Hearth . . . . .	64	Nearer Home . . . . .	139
Faithful . . . . .	80	I know not what the Future hath . . . . .	144
The Little House on the Hill . . . . .	84	Kriss Kringle . . . . .	152
Curfew . . . . .	85	A Psalm of Life . . . . .	172
The Summers come and go . . . . .	112		

## XVI. INDIANS.

Speed Away! . . . . .	71	Ye say they all have passed away . . . . .	73
The Indian Girl's Lament . . . . .	72	The Death of Minnehaha . . . . .	75

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# THE RIVERSIDE SONG BOOK.

## MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

Samuel Francis Smith.

*Moderato.*

Unknown.

(Alr: God Save the King.)

*mf*

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

*mf*

*f*

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

*f*

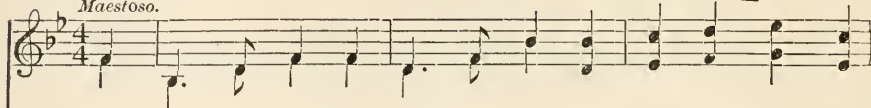
Pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light: Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

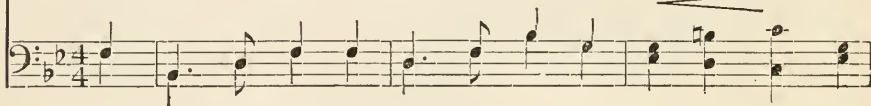
Carl Wilhelm.

(Air: Die Wacht am Rhein.)

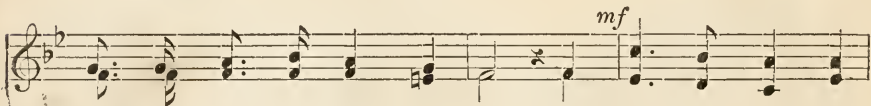
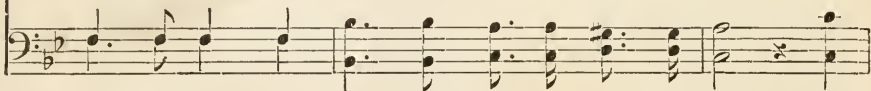
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

*Maestoso.*

1. What flow'r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so
2. In sav - age Na - ture's far a - bode Its ten - der seed our
3. Be - hold its streaming rays u - nite, One mingling flood of
4. The blades of he - roes fence it round, Where 'er it springs is
5. Thy sa - cred leaves, fair Free - dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on



fresh - ly born? With burn - ing star and flam - ing band It  
 fa - thers sowed; The storm - winds rocked its swell - ing bud, Its  
 braid - ed light, — The red that fires the South - ern rose, With  
 ho - ly ground; From tower and dome its glo - ries spread; It  
 dome and tower, To all their heav'n - ly col - ors true, In



kin - dles all the sun - set land: O tell us what its  
 op'n - ing leaves were streaked with blood, Till lo! earth's ty - rants  
 spot - less white from north - ern snows, And, span - gled o'er its  
 waves where lone - ly sen - tries tread; It makes the land as  
 black'n - ing frost or crim - son dew, — And God love us as





name may be,— Is this the Flower of Lib - er - ty?  
 shook to see The full - blown Flower of Lib - er - ty!  
 az - ure, see The sis - ter Stars of Lib - er - ty!  
 o - cean free, And plants an em - pire on the sea!  
 we love thee, Thrice ho - ly Flower of Lib - er - ty!



It is. it is the ban - ner of the free,  
 Then hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free,  
 Then hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free,  
 Then hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free,  
 Then hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free,



The star - ry Flower, the Flower of Lib - er - ty!  
 The star - ry Flower, the Flower of Lib - er - ty!  
 The star - ry Flower, the Flower of Lib - er - ty!  
 The star - ry Flower, the Flower of Lib - er - ty!  
 The star - ry Flower, the Flower of Lib - er - ty!





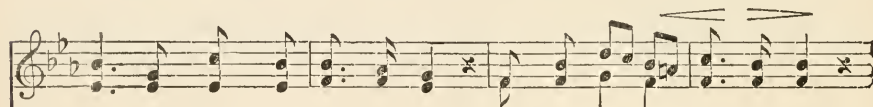
## TRUE FREEDOM.

James Russell Lowell.

Friedrich Silcher.



1. Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free,  
 2. Is true free - dom but to break Fet - ters for our own dearsake,  
 3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall - en and the weak;



If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly free and brave?  
 And, with leath - ern hearts, for - get That we owe man - kind a debt?  
 They are slaves who will not choose Ha - tred, scoff - ing, and a - buse,



If ye do not feel the chain, When it works an - oth - er's pain,  
 No! true freedom is to share All the chains our broth - ers wear,  
 Rath - er than in si - lence shrink From the truth they needs must think,



Are ye not base slaves in - deed, Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?  
 And, with heart and hand, to be Ear - nest to make oth - ers free!  
 They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.



William Cullen Bryant.

German Air.  
(Air: Der Tannenbaum.)

*Maestoso.*

1. Lay down the axe; fling by the spade; Leave in its track the toiling plough;  
2. Come ye, who breast the mountain storm By grassy steep or highland lake,  
3. Come ye, who throng be - side the deep, Her ports and hamlets of the strand,

The ri - fle and the bayo - net blade For arms like yours were fit - ter now;  
Come, for the land ye love, to form A bul - wark that no foe can break.  
In num - ber like the waves that leap On his long - murm'ring marge of sand;

Ho!stur - dy as the oaks ye cleave,And moved as soon to fear and flight;  
And ye whose homes are by the grand Swift riv - ers, ris - ing far a - way,  
Few, few were they whose swords of old Won the fair land in which we dwell;  
*D.S.* Strike for our broad and good - ly land, Blow aft - er blow, till men shall see

Men of the glade and for - est! leave Your woodcraft for the field of fight.  
Come from the depth of your green land,As mighty in your march as they.  
But we are ma - ny, we who hold The grim re - solve to guard it well.  
That might and right move hand in hand, And glo - rious must their tri - umph be.

*D.S.*

## SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

German Air.

1. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, sail  
 2. We know what Mas - ter laid thy keel, Sail on, sail  
 3. Fear not each sud - den sound and shock, Sail on, sail  
 4. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, sail

on! Sail on, O UN - ION strong and  
 on! What Work - man wrought thy ribs of  
 on! 'Tis of the wave and not the  
 on! Sail on, O UN - ION strong and

great, Sail on, sail on! Hu - man - i - ty with  
 steel, Sail on, sail on! Who made each mast, and  
 rock; Sail on, sail on! 'Tis but the flap - ping  
 great, Sail on, sail on! Sail on, nor fear to

all its fears, With all the hopes of fu - ture years, Is  
 sail, and rope, What an - vils rang, what ham - mers beat, In  
 of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In  
 breast the sea, Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, Our





## THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

high; . . . . . The high - est not more high; To -  
 stand; . . . . . Be - side the served shall stand; A -  
 bide; . . . . . My stub - born right a - bide; I  
 just, . . . . . Or bal - ance to ad - just, Where

*f*  
 day, of all the wea - ry year, A king of men am I.  
 like the brown and wrinkled fist, The gloved and dain - ty hand!  
 set a plain man's common sense A - gainst the ped - ant's pride.  
 weighs our liv - ing manhood less Than Mammon's vil - est dust, -

*f* . . .

*f* . . . . . *mf*  
 To - day, a - like are great and small, The name - less and the known; My  
 The rich is lev - el with the poor, The weak is strong to - day; The  
 To - day shall simple man - hood try The strength of gold and land; The  
 While there's a right to need my vote, A wrong to sweep a - way, Up!

*f* . . . . . *mf*

*f*  
 pal - ace is the peo - ple's hall, The bal - lot - box my throne!  
 sleek - est broadcloth counts no more Than home - spun frock of gray.  
 wide world has not wealth to buy The power in my right hand!  
 clout - ed knee and rag - ged coat! A man's a man to - day!

*f*

# CONCORD HYMN.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Ludwig van Beethoven.

*Andante.*

*mp* *cres.*

1. By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to A - pril's  
2. On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set to - day a

*mp* *cres.*

*mp* *cres.*

breeze un - furled, Here once th' em - bat - tled farm - ers stood, And  
vo - tive stone; That mem - 'ry may their deed re - deem, When,

*mp* *cres.*

*f* *p*

fired the shot heard round the world. The foe long since in  
like our sires, our sons are gone. Spir - it, that made those

*f* *p*

si - lence slept; A - like the con - queror si - lent sleeps; And  
he - roes dare To die, and leave their chil - dren free, Bid

Time the ru - in'd bridge has swept Down the dark stream which sea - ward creeps.  
Time and Na - ture gen - tly spare The shaft we raise to them and thee.

James Russell Lowell.

Friedrich Silcher.

*mp*

1. I know a fal - con swift and peer - less As  
 2. No harm - less dove, no bird that sing - eth,  
 3. Let fraud and wrong and base - ness shiv - er, For

*mp*

*mf* *cres.*

e'er was cra - dled in the pine; No bird had ev - er  
 Shud - ders to see him o - ver head; The rush of his fierce  
 still be - tween them and the sky The fal - con Truth hangs

*mf* *cres.*

eye so fear - less, Or wing so strong as this of  
 swoop - ing bring - eth To in - no - cent hearts no thrill of  
 poised for - ev - er And marks them with his venge - ful

*dim.*

mine, Or wing so strong as thi: of mine.  
 dread, To in - no cent hearts no thrill of dread.  
 eye, And marks them with his venge - ful eye.

*dim.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

*Maestoso.*

Unknown.

(Air: Andreas Hofer.)

*cres.*



1. Ay, tear the tat - tered en - sign down! Long has it waved on high,  
2. Her deck, once red with he - roes' blood, Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
3. O bet - ter that her shat - tered hulk Should sink beneath the wave;

*mp*



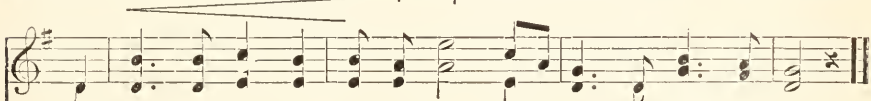
And many an eye has danced to see That ban - ner in the sky;  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, And waves were white be - low,  
Her thun - ders shook the might - y deep, And there should be her grave.



Be - neath it rung the bat - tle shout, And burst the can - non's roar;—  
No more shall feel the vic - tor's tread, Or know the conquered knee;—  
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, Set ev - 'ry thread - bare sail,



The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall sweep the clouds no more!  
The har - pies of the shore shall pluck The ea - gle of the sea!  
And give her to the god of storms, The light - ning and the gale!



The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall sweep the clouds no more!  
The har - pies of the shore shall pluck The ea - gle of the sea!  
And give her to the god of storms, The light - ning and the gale!





## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Joseph Hopkinson.

*Alla marcia.*

Phyla.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes,  
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots! rise once more; De - fend your rights, de -  
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash - ing -  
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his

heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who  
 fend your shore; Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let  
 ton's great name Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring  
 coun - try stands—The rock on which the storm will beat, The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of  
 no rude foe with im pious hand, In - vade the shrine where  
 thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Let ev - 'ry clime to  
 rock on which the storm will beat; But arm'd in vir - tue

war was gone En - joy'd the peace your val - or won! Let  
 sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well - earned prize! While  
 free - dom dear List - en with a joy - ful ear! With  
 firm and true His hopes are fix'd on heav'n and you! When

in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mindful what it cost;  
 off - ring peace sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That  
 e - qual skill, And god - like pow'r He gov - ern'd in the fear - ful hour Of  
 hope was sink - ing in dis - may, And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies!  
 truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.  
 hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.  
 stead - y mind, from changes free, Re - solv'd on death or lib - er - ty.

Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;  
 Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;  
 Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;  
 Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.  
 As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.  
 As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.  
 As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key.

*Maestoso.*

Samuel Arnold.

1. O! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,  
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore  
 4. O! thus be it e'er when free - men shall stand

What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleaming,  
 Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,  
 That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion  
 Be - tween their lov'd homes and the war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight,  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,  
 A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?  
 Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-res - cued land

O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly streaming?  
 As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?  
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion!  
 Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion!



And the roek - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,  
 Now it eatch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,  
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave  
 Then con - quer we must, when our eause it is just,

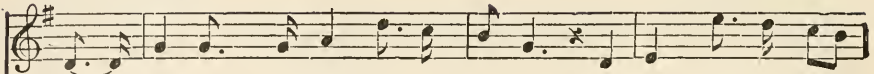
*cres.*  
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;  
 In full glo - ry re - fleet - ed now shines on the stream;  
 From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
 And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust;"  
*cres.*

*ff*  
 O! say does the Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet wave  
 'Tis the Star - span - gled Ban - ner— O! long may it wave  
 And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave  
 And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave  
*ff*

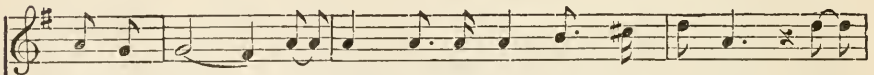
*rit.*  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
*rit.*

David T. Shaw.

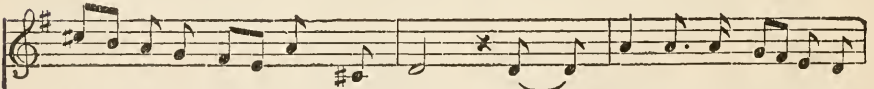
David T. Shaw.



1. O, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave  
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land  
 3. Old Glo - ry to greet, now come hither, With eyes full of love



and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A  
 to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co -  
 to the brim, May the wreaths of our he - roes ne'er wither, Nor a



world of - fers hom - age to Thee. Thy mandates make heroes as -  
 lum - bia rode safe through the storm; With their gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -  
 star of our Ban - ner grow dim; May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er



sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy  
 round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew; With her  
 sev - er, But they to our col - ors prove true; The

ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
 Ar - my and Na - vy fore - er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Three  
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Three  
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Three

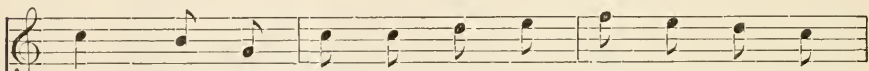
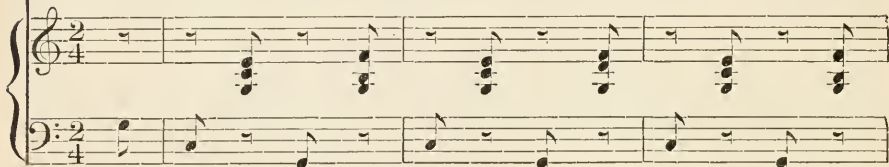
cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny  
 cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -  
 cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy fore -

trem - ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
 fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
 ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

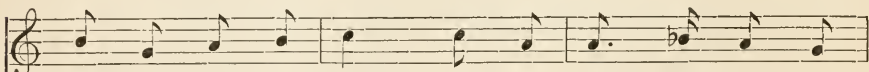
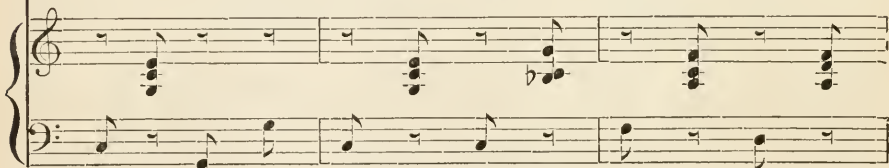
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Unknown.  
(Air: Yankee Doodle.)

1. An eve - ning par - ty, — on - ly that, No for - mal in - vi -  
 2. How fast the strag - glers join the throng, From stall and work - shop  
 3. On, on to where the tea - ships ride! And now their ranks are  
 4. O wo - man, at the eve - ning board So gra - cious, sweet, and  
 5. Ah, lit - tle dreams the qui - et dame Who plies with rock and  
 6. Old char - ters shriv - el in its traek, His Worship's bench has

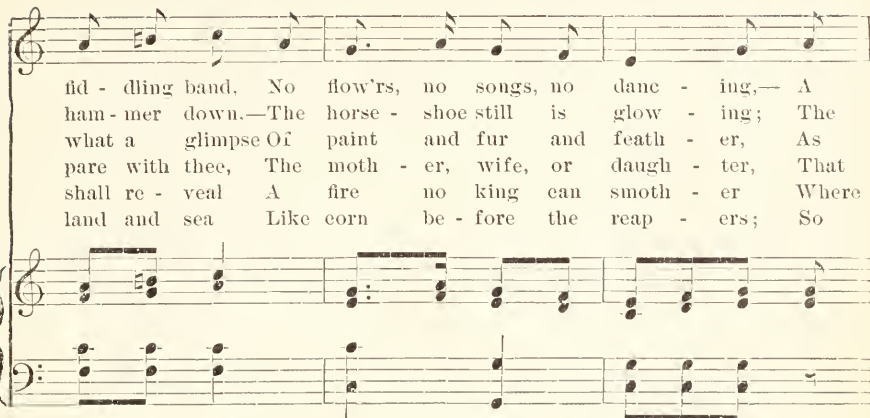


ta - tion, No gold - laeed coat, no stiff cra - vat, No  
 gath - ered! The live - ly bar - ber skips a - long And  
 form - ing, — A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side The  
 purr - ing, So hap - py while the tea is poured, So  
 spin - dle The pa - tient fax, how great a flame You  
 erum - bled, It elimbs and elaps the un - ion - jack, Its

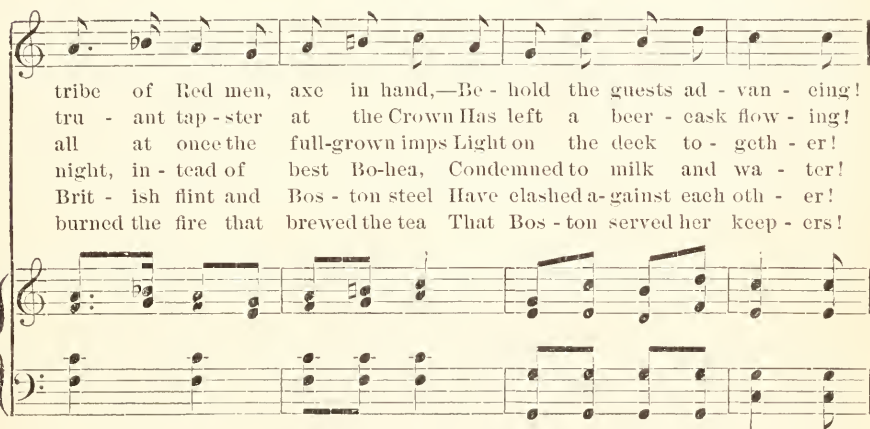


feast in eon - tem - pla - tion, No silk - robed dames, no  
 leaves a ehin half lath - ered; The smith has flung his  
 Mo - hawk band is swarm - ing! See the fierce na - tives!  
 blest while spoons are stirr - ing, What mar - tyr can com -  
 lit - tle spark shall kin - dle! The lur - id morn - ing  
 bla - zoned pomp is hum - bled, The flags go down on





fid - dling band, No flow'rs, no songs, no danc - ing,— A  
 ham - mer down.—The horse - shoe still is glow - ing; The  
 what a glimpse Of paint and fur and feath - er, As  
 pare with thee, The moth - er, wife, or daugh - ter, That  
 shall re - veal A fire no king can smoth - er Where  
 land and sea Like corn be - fore the reap - ers; So



tribe of Red men, axe in hand,—Be - hold the guests ad - van - cing!  
 tru - ant tap - ster at the Crown Has left a beer - cask flow - ing!  
 all at once the full-grown imps Light on the deck to - geth - er!  
 night, in - stead of best Bo - hea, Condemned to milk and wa - ter!  
 Brit - ish flint and Bos - ton steel Have clashed a - gainst each oth - er!  
 burned the fire that brewed the tea That Bos - ton served her keep - ers!

## CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.



No! ne'er was mingled such a draft In pal - ace, hall, or ar - bor, As



The image shows a musical score for a ballad. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below this staff. The second staff is a bass line in bass clef. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with the third staff in treble clef and the fourth in bass clef. The music is in a common time signature.

free - men brewed and ty - rants quaffed That night in Bos - ton Har - bor!

### A SONG OF THE FLAG.

M. Woolsey Stryker.

(Air: Yankee Doodle—each stanza sung to first half of solo.)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Roll a river wide and strong,<br/>Like the tides a-swinging;<br/>Lift the joyful floods of song,<br/>Set the mountains ringing.</p>                                    | <p>Flag that never knew a king,<br/>Freedom's constellation.<br/>CHO. Run the lovely banner, etc.</p>  |
| <p>CHORUS.</p>   |  |
| <p>Run the lovely banner high!<br/>Morning's crimson glory,<br/>Field as blue as God's own sky,<br/>And every star a story.</p>  | <p>4. Blest be God, fraternal wars<br/>Once for all are ended,<br/>And the gashes and the scars<br/>Peace and time have mended.<br/>CHO. Run the lovely banner, etc.</p> |
| <p>2. Drown the guns, outsound the bells,<br/>In the rocking steeple,<br/>While the chorus throbs and swells<br/>Of a happy people.<br/>CHO. Run the lovely banner, etc.</p> | <p>5. Massachusetts, Maryland,<br/>Tennessee, Nebraska,<br/>One, Columbia's daughters stand<br/>From Georgia to Alaska.<br/>CHO. Run the lovely banner, etc.</p>         |
| <p>3. For our darling flag we sing,<br/>Pride of all the nation,</p>   | <p>6. Staff and masthead swing it forth—<br/>Liberty unblighted,<br/>West and East and South and North<br/>Evermore united!<br/>CHO. Run the lovely banner, etc.</p>     |

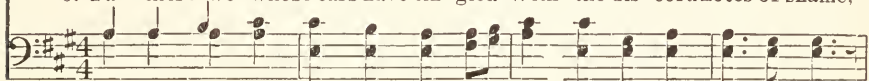
# ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

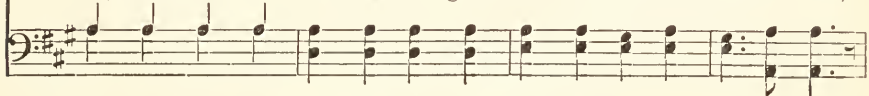
Ludwig van Beethoven.  
(From the Ninth or Choral Symphony.)



1. Wel-come to the day re - turn-ing, Dear - er still as a - ges flow,
2. Hear the tale of youthful glo - ry, While of Brit-ain's res-cued band,
3. Look! the shad-ow on the di - al, Marks the hour of deadlier strife;
4. Vain is Em - pire's mad temp-ta - tion! Not for him an earthly crown!
5. "By the name that you in - her-it, By the suf - f'ings you re-call,
6. Fa - ther! we whose ears have tin-gled With the dis - cord notes of shame,



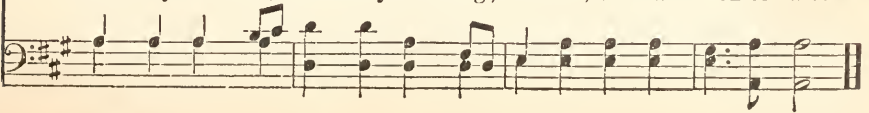
While the torch of faith is burn-ing, Long as free-dom's al-tars glow!  
 Friend and foe re - peat the sto - ry, Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
 Days of ter - ror, years of tri - al, Scourge a na - tion in - to life.  
 He whose sword has freed a na - tion! Strikes the of - fered sceptre down.  
 Cher-ish the fra - ter - nal spir - it; Love your coun - try first of all!  
 We, whose sires their blood have mingled In the bat - tle's thunder flame, -



See the he - ro whom it gave us Slumb'ring on a mother's breast,  
 Where the red cross fond-ly streaming, Flaps a - bove the frig-ate's deck,  
 Lo, the youth, be - come her lead - er! All her baf - fled ty - rants yield;  
 See the throne-less conqueror seat - ed, Rul - er by a peo - ple's choice;  
 List - en not to i - dle questions If its bands may be un - tied;  
 Gath -'ring while this ho - ly morn-ing Lights the land from sea to sea,



For the arm he stretched to save us, Be its morn for - ev - er blest.  
 Where the gold - en lil - ies, gleam-ing, Star the watchtow'rs of Que-bec.  
 Through his arm the Lord hath freed her; Crown him on the tent-ed field!  
 See the Pa - triot's task com-plet - ed; Hear the Fa - ther's dy - ing voice!  
 Doubt the pa - triot whose sug-ges-tions Strive a na - tion to di - vide!"  
 Hear thy coun - sel, heed thy warn-ing; Trust us, while we hon - or thee!



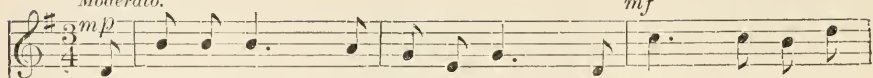


## THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

William Ross Wallace.

*Moderato.**mf*

Bernard Covert.



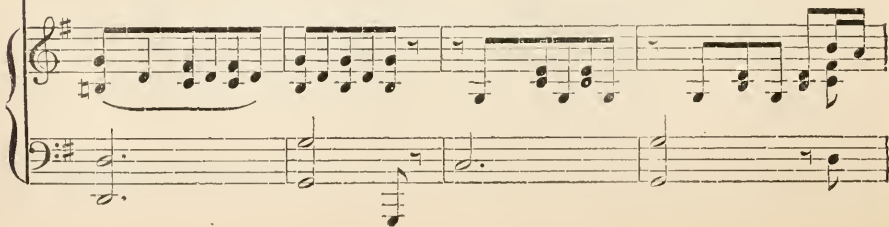
1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was growing
2. The sword was brought, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud - den
3. "Twas on that dread, im - mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's
4. "O, keep the sword"— his ac - cents broke— A smile — and he was



dim, When with a fee - ble voice he called His  
 flame; And as he grasped the an - cient blade, He  
 band, A cap - tain raised this blade on me, — I  
 dead— But his wrin - kled hand still grasped the blade Up -

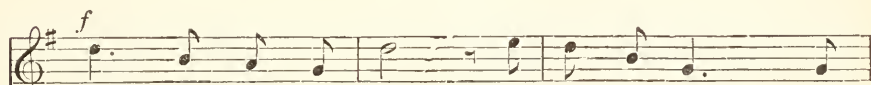


weeping son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the vet-'ran said, "I  
 murmured War-ren's name: Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold — But  
 tore it from his hand: And while the glo - rious bat - tle raged, It  
 on that dy - ing bed. The son re-mains; the sword re-mains — Its





bow to Heav'n's high will— But quickly from you ant - lers bring The  
 what is rich - er still, I leave you, mark me, mark me now — The  
 light - ened freedom's will— For, boy, The God of freedom blessed The  
 glo - ry grow - ing still— And twen-ty mil - lions bless the sire, AnC



Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But quick - ly from you  
 Sword of Bun - ker Hill; I leave you, mark me,  
 Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For, boy, the God of  
 Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And twen - ty mil - lions



ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."  
 mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."  
 free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."  
 bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill."



## SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMAN.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Wenzel Müller.

*Allegretto.*

1. O, praise an' tanks! de Lord He come To set de peo - ple  
 2. Ole mas - sa on he trab - bels gone; He leaf de land be -  
 3. We pray de Lord: He gib us signs Dat some day we be  
 4. We know de prom - ise neb - ber fail, An' neb - ber lie de

free; An' mas - sa tink it day ob doom, An'  
 hind: De Lord's breff blow him fur - der on, Like  
 free; De norf - wind tell it to de pines, De  
 word; So like de 'pos - tles in de jail, We

we ob ju - bi - lee. De Lord dat heap de  
 corn - shuck in de wind. We own de hoe, we  
 wild - duck to the sea; We tink it when de  
 wait - ed for de Lord: An' now He o - pen



Red Sea waves He jus' as 'trong as den: He  
 own de plough, We own de hands dat hold; We  
 church bell ring, We dream it in de dream; De  
 eb - 'ry door, An' trow a - way de key; He



say de word: We las' night slaves, To-day de Lord's free men.  
 sell de pig, We sell de cow, But neb - ber chile be sold.  
 rice - bird mean it when he sing, De ea - gle when he scream.  
 tink we lub Him so be - fore, We lub Him bet - ter free.



CHORUS for each verse.



{ De yam will grow, de cot - ton blow, We'll hab de rice an' corn; }  
 { O neb-ber you fear, if neb-ber you hear De dri - ver blow his horn! }



*Sung at Christmas by the scholars of St. Helena's Island, S. C.*

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Albert Gottlieb Methfessel.

*Maestoso.*

1. O none in all the world be - fore Were  
 2. Thou Friend and Help - er of the poor, Who  
 3. Bend low Thy pity - ing face and mild, And  
 4. We hear no more the driv - er's horn, No  
 5. The ver - y oaks are green - er clad, The  
 6. We praise Thee in our songs to - day, To  
 7. Come once a - gain, O bless - ed Lord! Come

ev - er glad as we! . . . We're free on Car - o -  
 suf - fered for our sake, . . . To o - pen ev - 'ry  
 help us sing and pray; . . . The hand that blessed the  
 more the whip we fear, . . . This ho - ly day that  
 wa - ters bright - er smile; . . . O nev - er shone a  
 Thee in prayer we call, . . . Make swift the feet and  
 walk - ing on the sea! . . . And let the main - lands

li - na's shore, We're all . . . at home and free.  
 pris - on door, And ev - 'ry yoke to break!  
 lit - tle child, Up - on . . . our fore - heads lay.  
 saw Thee born Was nev - er half so dear.  
 day so glad On sweet . . . St. Hel - en's Isle.  
 straight the way Of free - dom un - to all.  
 hear the word That sets . . . the is - lands free!



Thomas Buchanan Read.

William F. Hartley.

*Martial style.*



1. Where sweeps round the moun - tains the cloud on the  
 2. I mount the wild horse with no sad - dle or  
 3. When A - pril is sound - ing his horn o'er the



gale, And streams from their foun - tains leap in - to the  
 rein, And guide his swift course with a grasp on his  
 hills, And brook - lets are bound - ing in joy to the



vale,— As fright - ened deer leap when the storm with his  
 mane; Thro' paths steep and nar - row, and scorn - ing the  
 mills,— When warm Au - gust slum - bers a - mong her green



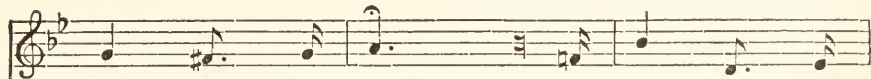


## WHERE THE EAGLE IS KING.

pack Rides o - ver the steep in the wild tor - rent's  
crag, I chase with my ar - row the flight of the  
leaves, And Har - vest en - cum - bers her gar - ners with

track,— Ev'n there my free home is; there watch I the  
stag; Through snow - drifts en - gulf - ing, I fol - low the  
sheaves, When the flail of No - vem - ber is swing - ing with

flocks Wan - der white as the foam is on  
bear, And the face the gaunt wolf when he  
might, And the mil - ler De - cem - ber is



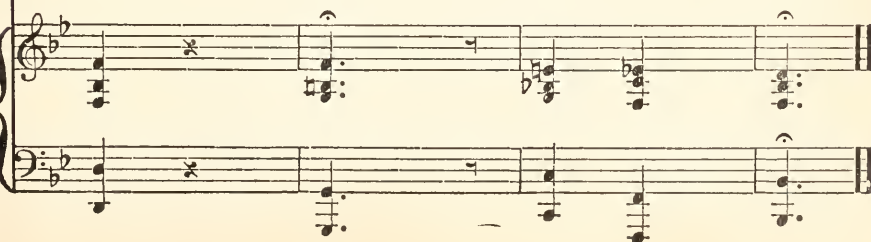
stair - ways of rocks; Se - cure in the  
 snarls in his lair, And watch through the  
 man - tled with white, — In field and in



gorge there in free - dom we sing, And  
 gorge there the red pan - ther spring, And  
 forge there the free - heart - ed sing, And

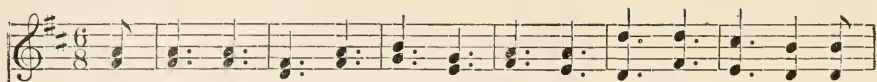


laugh at King George, where the Ea - gle is king.

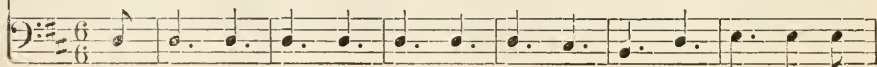


P. P. Bliss.

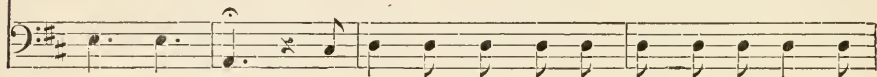
P. P. Bliss.



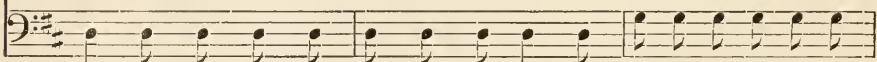
1. Let oth - ers sing of days gone by, O'er "good old times" let them  
 2. No voice have we for songs of yore, No thrones for kings who re -



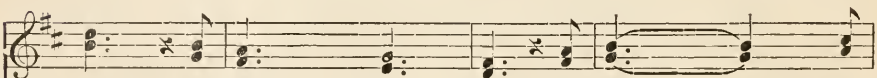
grieve and sigh; Be ours a cheer-i - er, hap - pi - er lay, In  
 turn no more, But hail with spir - its so glad and so gay, The



praise of beau - ti - ful, wel - come To - day. To - day, . . . To -  
 songs and scenes that in - vite us to - day. To - day, . . . To -



O beau - ti - ful, welcome To -



day, The bright To - day; To - day, . . . To -  
 dry, The bright To - day; To - day, . . . To -



day, To - day; The beau - ti - ful, bright To - day; O beau - ti - ful, wel - come To -

day; The bright To - day. With friends so true,  
 day; The bright To - day. With friends so true,

day, To-day; The beau-ti - ful, bright To - day. With friends so true, . . . . . And

And pleasures new. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 And pleasures new. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

pleas-ures new . . . . .

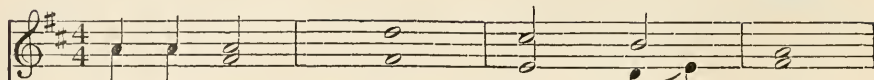
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, . . . . .  
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, . . . . .

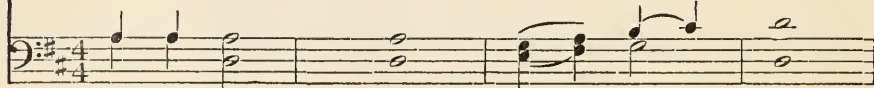
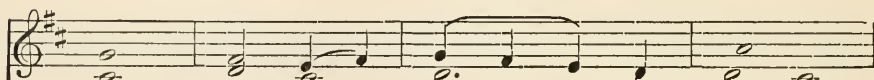
La, la, la, la.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

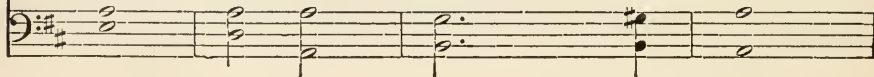
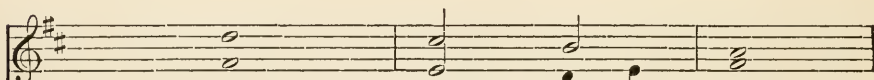
Arr. from Jonathan Battishill.



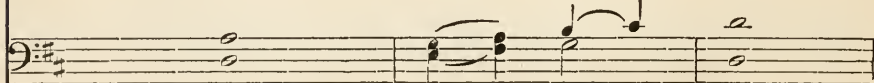
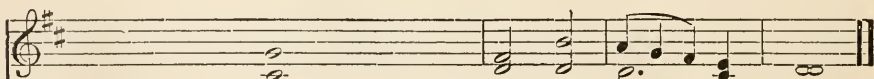
1. It is done! Clang of bells and roar of gun  
 2. Ring, O bells! Every stroke ex - ult - ing tells  
 3. It is done! In the circuit of the sun  
 4. Ring and swing, Bells of joy! On morn - ing's wing

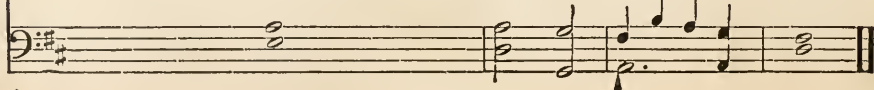
Send the ti - dings up and down;  
 Of the buri - al hour of crime;  
 Shall the sound there - of go forth;  
 Send the song of praise a - broad!

How the belfries rock and reel!  
 Loud and long that all may hear,  
 It shall bid the sad re - joice,  
 With a sound of bro - ken chains

How the great guns, peal on peal, Fling the joy from town to town!  
 Ring for every listening ear of E - ter - ni - ty and Time!  
 It shall give the dumb a voice, It shall belt with joy the earth!  
 Tell the nations that He reigns, Who a - lone is Lord and God!



Stephen Collins Foster.

Stephen Collins Foster.

*mp* *p*

1. { Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,  
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

2. { All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young,  
When I was play - ing with my brudder, Hap - py was I,

3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,  
When shall I hear de bees a - hum - ming All round de comb?

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. }  
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. }  
Den man - y hap - py days I squan - der'd Man - y de songs I sung; }  
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die. }  
Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. }  
When shall I hear de ban - jo tum - ming Down in my good old home? }

## CHORUS.

*p*

All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb - 'ry - where I roam;

Ob! dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

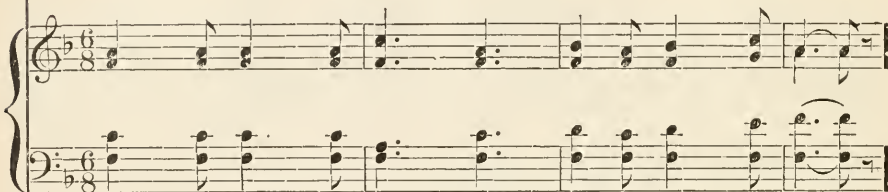


Phoebe Cary.

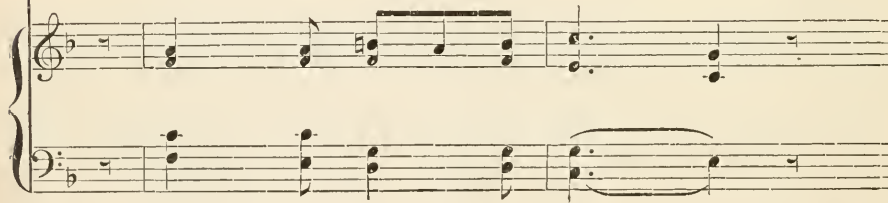
Unknown.



1. Loaded with gal - lant sol - diers, A boat shot in - to the land,  
 2. Low in the boat then each man lay, But quick the cap - tain said:  
 3. Firmly he rose, and fear-less-ly Stepped out in - to the tide;



And lay at the right of Rod - man's Point, With her  
 "If we lie here we are cap - tured all, And the  
 He pushed the ves - sel safe - ly off, Then

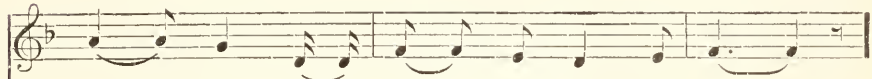


keel up - on the sand. Light - ly, gay-ly, they came to shore. And  
 first who moves is dead!" Then out-spoke a ne - gro sailor, No  
 fell a - cross her side: Pierced by ma - ny a ball he fell— The





nev - er a man a - fraid, When sud - den the en - e - my  
 slav - ish soul had he: "Somebod - y's got to  
 boat swung clear and free: But nev - er a man of



o - pened fire, From his dead - ly am - bus - cade.  
 die, boys, And it might as well be 'me!"  
 them that day Was fit - ter to die than he!

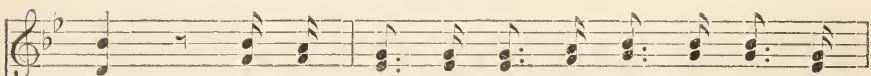


## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Julia Ward Howe.

Unknown.  
(Air: John Brown's Bouy.)

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the  
 2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling  
 3. I have read a fle - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nish'd rows of  
 4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re -  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the



Lord; He is tramp - ling out the vint - age where the  
 camps; They have build - ed him an al - tar in the  
 steel; "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with  
 treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -  
 sea, With a glo - ry in his bo - som that trans -



grapes of wrath are stored, He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his  
 eve - ning dews and damps, I have read his right - ous sen - tence by the  
 you my grace shall deal: Let the he - ro born of wom - an crush the  
 fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh be swift, my soul, to an - swer him, -- be  
 flig - ures you and me: As he died to make men ho - ly, let us





ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.  
 dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.  
 ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on.  
 ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.  
 die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le -



lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.



## THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

*Dedicated to the Stay-at-home Rangers.*

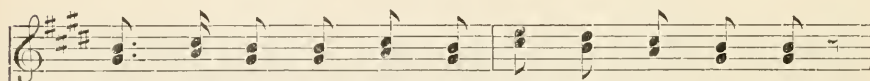
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

*Moderato.*Scotch Air.  
(Air: Bonnie Dundee.)

1. All the brave boys un - der can - vas are sleep - ing,
2. Bring him the but - ton - less gar - ment of wo - man!
3. All the fair maid - ens a - bout him shall elus - ter,
4. Now then, nine eheers for the Stay - at - home Ran - ger!



All of them press - ing to mareh with the van,  
Cov - er his face lest it frec - kle and tan,  
Pluck the white feath - ers from bon - net and fan,  
Blow the great fish - horn and beat the big pan!



Far from the home where their sweet - hearts are weep - ing;  
Mus - ter the A - pron - string Guards on the Com - mon,  
Make him a plumelike a tur - key - wing dus - ter,—  
First in the field that is far - thest from dan - ger,



What are you wait - ing for, sweet lit - tle man?  
That is the corps for the sweet lit - tle man!  
That is the erezst for the sweet lit - tle man!  
Take your white - feath - er plume, sweet lit - tle man!



## CHORUS.

Sweet lit - tle man, O sweet lit - tle man;

What are you wait - ing for, sweet lit - tle man?

All the brave boys un - der can - vas are sleep - ing,—

What are you wait - ing for, sweet lit - tle man?



## OUR COUNTRY.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Arr. from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

*Maestoso.*

1. We give thy na - tal day to hope, O  
 2. Thy pledge of freed - dom moves the world, And  
 3. Great, with - out seek - ing to be great By

coun - try of our love and prayer! Thy way is  
 all who hear it turn to thee, And read up -  
 fraud or con - quest; rich in gold, But rich - er

down no fa - tal slope, But up to free - er sun and air.  
 on thy flag un - furled The proph - e - cies of des - ti - ny.  
 in the large es - tate Of vir - tue which thy chil - dren hold;

*mp* *cres.*  
 The fa - thers sleep, but men re - main, As wise, as true, and brave as  
 Thy great world - les - son all shall learn, The na - tions in thy school shall  
 With peace that comes of pu - ri - ty, And strength to sim - ple jus - tice  
*mp* *cres.*

*cres.*

they; Why count the loss and not the gain? The  
sit, Earth's far - thest moun - tain - tops shall burn With  
due, So runs our loy - al dream of thee; God

*cres.*

best is that we have to - day. O Land of lands! to thee we  
watch-fires from thy own up - lit. O Land of lands! to thee we  
of our fa - thers! make it true. O Land of lands! to thee we

*Maestoso.*

give Our prayers, our hopes, our ser - vice free; For thee thy

sons shall no - bly live, And at thy need shall die for thee!

Walter Kittredge.

Walter Kittredge.

*Tenderly.*

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp - ground;  
 2. We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp - ground,  
 3. We are tired of war on the old Camp - ground;  
 4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Camp - ground;

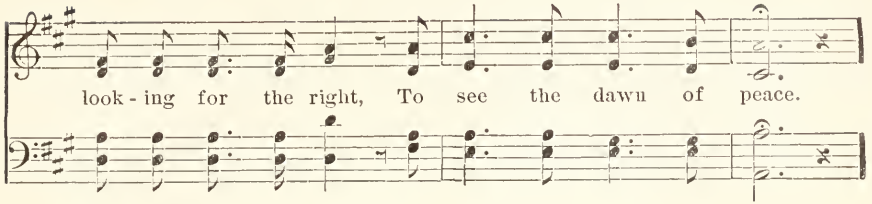
Give us a song to cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a  
 Think - ing of days gone by, Of the loved ones at home that  
 Man - y are dead and gone Of the brave and true who've  
 Man - y are ly - ing near; Some are dead, and

song of home, And friends we love so dear.  
 gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good - bye!"  
 left their homes, Oth - ers been wound - ed long.  
 some are dying, Man - y the fall - ing tear.

## CHORUS.

Man - y are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night,

Wish - ing for the war to cease; Man - y are the hearts



look - ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.



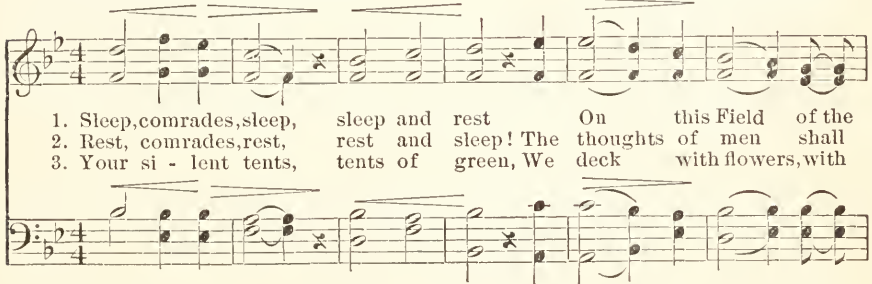
Vs.1.2.3. Tenting to-night, tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old Camp-ground.  
Vs.4. Dy - ing to-night, dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing on the old Camp-ground.



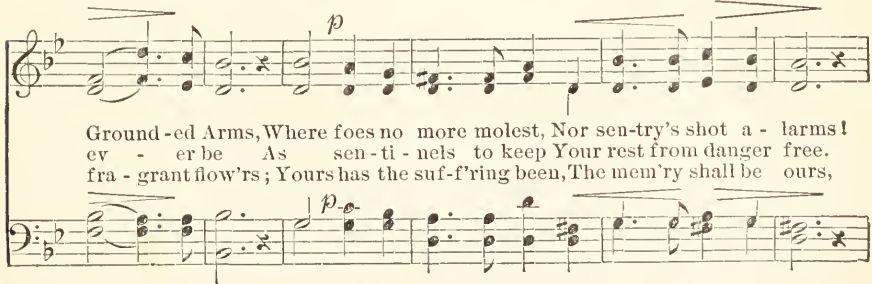
DECORATION DAY.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Johann Aegidius Geyer.



1. Sleep, comrades, sleep, sleep and rest On this Field of the Grounded Arms, Where foes no more molest, Nor sen-try's shot a-larms!  
2. Rest, comrades, rest, rest and sleep! The thoughts of men shall ever be As sen-ti-nels to keep Your rest from danger free.  
3. Your si-lent tents, tents of green, We deck with flowers, with fra-grant flow'rs; Yours has the suf-f'ring been, The mem'ry shall be ours.

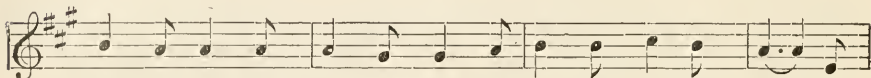



Sleep, com-rades, sleep and rest On this Field of the Grounded Arms.  
As sen-ti-nels to keep Your rest from dan-ger free.  
Yours has the suff-'ring been, The mem-'ry shall be ours.

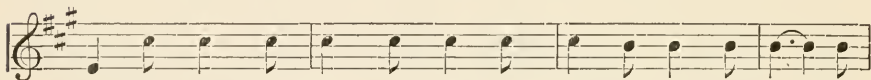
James Riley.

L. V. H. Crosby.  
(Air: Dearest Mae.)

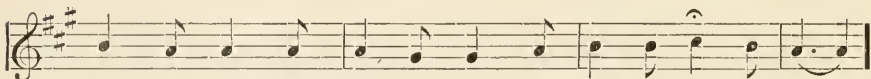
1. That o - cean-guarded flag of light, for - ev - er may it fly! It
2. Timbers have crash'd and guns have peal'd be - neath its ar - dent glow; But
3. Its stripes of red, e - ter - nal dyed with heart-streams of all lands; Its



flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight, and lit Mc - Hen-ry's sky; It  
nev - er did that en - sign yield its hon - or to the foe; Its  
white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm their up-raised hands; Its

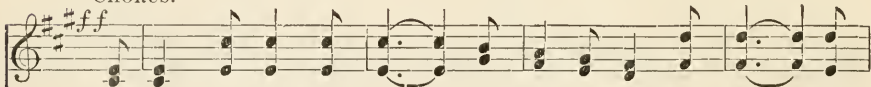


bears up - on its folds of flame to earth's re - mot - est wave The  
fame shall march with mar - tial tread down a - ges yet to be To  
blue, the o - cean waves that beat round freedom's cir - cled shore; Its



names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er in - spire the brave.  
guard those stars that nev - er paled in fight on land or sea.  
stars, the prints of an - gels' feet, that shine for-ev - er more.

## CHORUS.



For - ev - er may it fly! For - ev - er may it fly! That



o - cean-guarded flag of light, For - ev - er may it fly!





John Greenleaf Whittier.

John Knowles Paine.

*Maestoso.*

1. Our fathers' God, from out whose hand The cen-turies fall like grains  
 2. Here, where of old by Thy de - sign, The fa - thers spake that word  
 3. For art and la - bor met in truce, For beau - ty made the bride  
 4. Oh . make Thou us, thro' cen - turies long, In peace se - cure, in jus -

of sand, We meet to - day, u - nit - ed, free, And  
 of Thine Whose ech - o is the glad re - frain Of  
 of use, We thank Thee; but, with - al, we crave The  
 tice strong; A - round our gift of free - dom draw The

loy - al to our land and Thee, To thank Thee for the  
 rend - ed bolt and fall - ing chain, To grace our fes - tal  
 au - stere vir - tues strong to save, The hon - or proof to  
 safe-guards of Thy right - eous law; And, cast in some di -

e - ra done, And trust Thee for the o - p'ning one.  
 time, from all The zones of earth, our guests we call.  
 place or gold, The man - hood nev - er bought nor sold!  
 vin - er mould, Let the new cy - cle shame the old!



## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman.

Arr. from C. M. Wyman.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
 My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;

The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;  
 Rise up,— for you the flag is flung— for you the bugle trills;  
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths— for you the shores a-crowding,  
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;

While follow eyes the steady keel, the ves - sel  
 For you they call, the swaying mass—their ea - ger  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with

grim and dar - ing; But O heart! heart! heart!  
 fa - ces turn - ing; Here Captain! dear father!  
 ob - ject won; Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
 This arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that on the deck You've  
 But I walk with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies,

3d stanza only.

Fall - en cold and dead.  
 fall - en cold and dead.  
 Fall - en cold and dead. Cold and dead.

## COLUMBUS.

Joaquin Miller.

Unknown.  
(A German Air.)

*mf*

1. Be - hind him lay the gray A - zores, Be - hind the gates of
2. "My men grow mut'-nous day by day; My men grow ghast-ly
3. They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow, Un - til at last the
4. They sailed, they sailed, then spoke his mate: "This mad sea shows his
5. Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck, And thro' the dark-ness

*mf*

Her - cu - les; Be - fore him not the ghost of shores, Be -  
 wan and weak." The stout mate tho't of home; a spray Of  
 blanch'd mate said; "Why, now, not e - ven God would know Should  
 teeth to - night, He curls his lip, he lies in wait, With  
 peered that night. Ah, dark - est night! and then a speck—A

fore him on - ly shore - less seas. The good mate said: "Now  
 salt wave wash'd his swar - thy cheek. "What shall I say, brave  
 I and all my men fall dead. These ver - y winds for -  
 lift - ed teeth as if to bite! Brave Ad - mi - ral, say  
 light! a light! a light! a - light! It grew—a star - lit

must we pray, For lo! the ver - y stars are gone; Speak,  
 Ad - mi - ral, If we sight naught but seas at dawn?" "Why,  
 get their way, For God from these dread seas is gone. Now  
 but one word; What shall we do when hope is gone?" The  
 flag un - furled! It grew to be Time's burst of dawn; He

Ad - mi - ral, what shall I say?" "Why say, sail on! and on!"  
 you shall say, at break of day: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!"  
 speak, brave Ad - mi - ral, and say— He said: "Sail on! and on!"  
 words leaped as a leap - ing sword: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"  
 gained a world! he gave that world Its watch - word: "On! and on!"

Richard Henry Stoddard.

U. Munjinger.

*Moderato.*

1. { When the sum - mer days are bright and long, And the  
 'Tis sweet in the sha - dy wood to lie, And

2. { When win - ter comes and the days are dim, And the  
 'Tis sweet in the fad - ed woods to stray, And

3. { Sum - mer or win - ter, day or night, The  
 They give us peace, and they make us strong, Such

lit - tle birds pipe a mer - ry song, }  
 gaze at the leaves and the twink - ling sky, }  
 wind is sing - ing a mourn - ful hymn, }  
 tread the dead leaves in - to the clay, }  
 woods are an ev - er new de - light; }  
 won - der - ful balms to them be - long: }

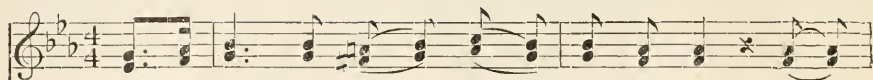
Drink - ing the while the rare, cool breeze,  
 Think - ing of all life's mys - ter - ies . . .  
 So, liv - ing or dy - ing, I'll take mine ease . . .

Un - der the trees, . . . un - der the trees.

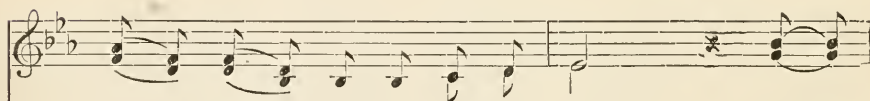
## THE STORM SONG.

Bayard Taylor.

Arr. from Christoph Willibald Gluck.



1. The clouds are send - ding a - cross the moon, A  
 2. Broth - ers, a night of ter - ror and gloom Speaks  
 3. Down with the hatch - es on those who sleep! The  
 4. Tho' the rig - ging shriek in his might-y grip, And the  
 5. Yet, cour - age, broth - ers! we trust the wave, With



- mist - y light is on the sea; The  
 in the cloud and gath-ring roar, Thank  
 wild and whis-ting deck have we; Good  
 na - ked spars be snapped a - way, Lashed  
 God a - bove, our gnid-ing chart: So,



# THE STORM SONG.



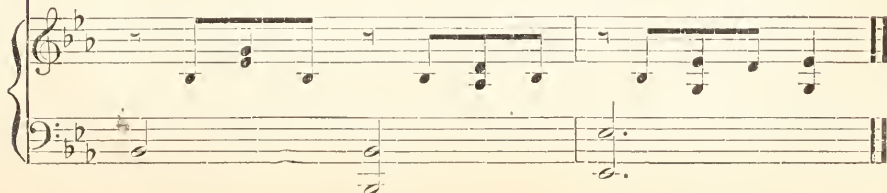
wind in the shrouds has a win - try tune, And the  
 God, He has giv'n us broad sea - room, A  
 watch, my brothers, to - night we'll keep, While the  
 to the helm, we'll drive our ship In the  
 whether to har - bor or o - cean-grave, Be it



foam is fly - ing free, . . . . . And the  
 thou - sand miles from shore, . . . . . A  
 tem - pest is on the sea, . . . . . While the  
 teeth of the whelm - ing spray, . . . . . In the  
 still with a cheer - y heart, . . . . . Be it



foam . . . is fly - ing free.  
 thou - sand miles from shore.  
 tem - pest is on the sea!  
 teeth of the whelm - ing spray!  
 still with a cheer - y heart!





## THE FISHERMEN.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Christian Gottlob Neefe.

1. Hur - rah! the sea - ward breez - es Sweep down the bay a - main;  
 2. We'll drop our lines, and gath - er Old o - cean's treas - ures in,  
 3. Tho' the mist up - on our jack - ets In the bit - ter air con - geals,  
 4. Hur - rah! hur-rah! the west - wind Comes fresh - ning down the bay,

Heave up, my lads, the an - chor! Run up the sail a - gain!  
 Wher - e'er the mot - tled mackerel Turns up a steel - dark fin;  
 And our lines wind stiff and slow - ly From off the fro - zen reels;  
 The ris - ing sails are fill - ing, — Give way, my lads, give way!

*f* Leave to the lub - ber lands - men The rail - car and the steed;  
 The sea's our field of har - vest, Its scal - y tribes our grain;  
 Tho' the fog be thick a - round us And the storm blow high and loud,  
 Leave the cow - ard lands - man cling - ing To the dull earth, like a weed,

*cres.*

*f* The stars of heav'n shall guide us, The breath of heav'n shall speed.  
 We'll reap the teem - ing wa - ters As at home they reap the plain!  
 We'll whis - tle down the wild wind, And laugh be - neath the cloud!  
 The stars of heav'n shall guide us, The breath of heav'n shall speed!

*dim.*

Bayard Taylor.

*Moderato.*

Friedrich Silcher.

(Air: Die Lorelei.)



1. No long - er spread the sail! No long - er strain the oar!  
 2. Each morn we see its peaks, Made beau - ti - ful with snow;  
 3. And still the keel is swift, And still the wind is free,  
 4. O shipmates, leave the ropes, And what tho' no one steers,



For nev - er yet has blown the gale Will bring us near - er shore.  
 Each eve its vales and wind - ing creeks, That sleep in mist be - low.  
 And still as far its moun - tains lift Be - yond th' - enchanted sea.  
 We sail no fast - er for our hopes, No slow - er for our fears.



The sway - ing keel slides on, The helm o - beys the hand;  
 At noon we mark the gleam Of tem - ples tall and fair;  
 Yet vain is all re - turn, Though false the goal be - fore;  
 How - e'er the bark is blown, Lie down and sleep a - while:



Fast we have sailed from dawn to dawn, Yet nev - er reach the land.  
 At mid - night watch its bon - fires stream In the au - ro - ral air.  
 The gale is ev - er dead a - stern, The cur - rent sets to shore.  
 What prof - its toil, when chance a - lone Can bring us to the isle?



## THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

William Cullen Bryant.

German Air.

*Affettuoso.*

1. Thy bow'r is fin - ished, fair - est! Fit bow'r for hun - ter's bride,
2. For thee the wild-grape glist - ens On sun - ny knoll and tree,
3. Come, thou hast not for - got - ten Thy pledge and prom - ise quite,



Where old woods o - ver - shad - ow The green sa - van - na's side.  
 The slimp - a - pa - ya ri - pens Its yel - low fruit for thee.  
 With ma - ny blushes mur - mered, Be - neath the even - ing light.



I've wan - der'd long, and wandered far, And nev - er have I met, . .  
 For thee the duck, on glass - y stream, The prai - rie - fowl shall die; . .  
 Then come, the vio - lets crowd my door, Thy ear - liest look to win, . .





In all this love-ly West-ern land, A spot so love-ly yet;  
 My ri - fle for thy feast shall bring The wild-swan from the sky.  
 And at my si - lent win - dow-sill The jes - sa - mine peeps in.



But I shall think it fair - er When thou art come to bless,  
 The for-est's leap - ing pan - ther, Fierce, beauti - ful and fleet,  
 All day the red - bird war - bles Up - on the mulber-ry near,



With thy sweet smile and sil - ver voice, Its si - lent love - li - ness.  
 Shall yield his spot - ted hide to be A car - pet for thy feet.  
 And the night - spar-row trills her song All night, with none to hear.



Bayard Taylor.

Johann A. P. Schulz.

*cres.*

1. The Sea is a jo-vial com-rade, He laughs wher - ev - er he  
 2. But the Wind is sad and rest-less, And cursed with an in - ward  
 3. Wel-come are both their voi-ces, And I know not which is

*cres.*

goes; His mer - ri - ment shines in the  
 pain; You may hark as you will, by  
 best, — The laugh - ter that slips from the

dimp - ling lines That wrin - kle his hale re - pose;  
 val - ley or hill, But you hear him still com - plain.  
 O - cean's lips, Or the com - fort-less Wind's un - rest.

SOLO.

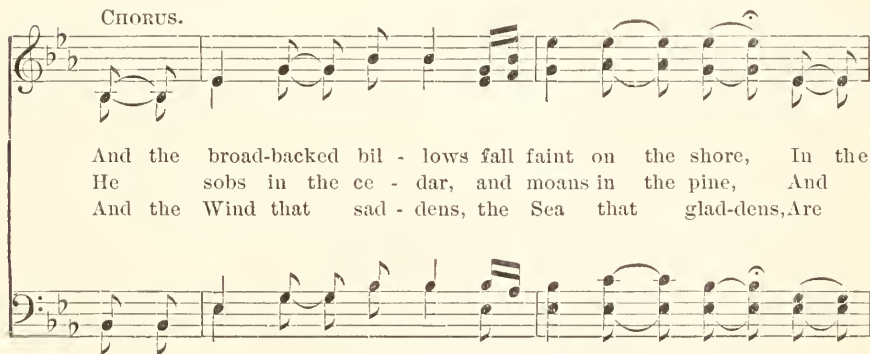
He lays him - self down at the feet of the sun,  
 He wails on the bar - ren moun - tains,  
 There's a pang in all re - joic - ing,



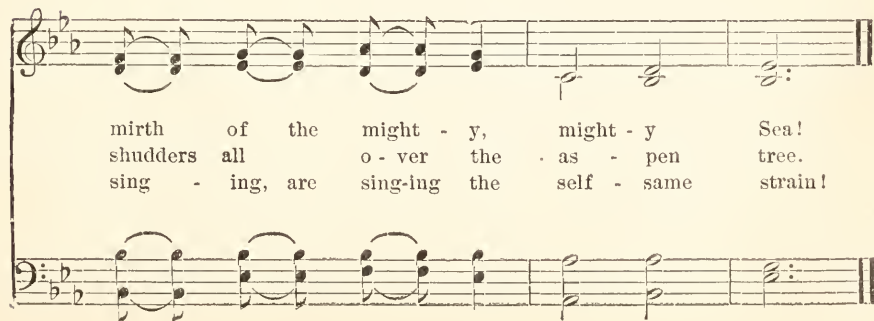


And shakes all o - ver with glee, . .  
 And shrieks on the win - try sea; . .  
 A joy in the heart of pain, . .

## CHORUS.



And the broad-backed bil - lows fall faint on the shore, In the  
 He sobs in the ce - dar, and moans in the pine, And  
 And the Wind that sad - dens, the Sea that glad-dens, Are



mirth of the might - y, might - y Sea!  
 shudders all o - ver the as - pen tree.  
 sing - ing, are sing-ing the self - same strain!



Epes Sargent.

Henry Russell.

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing  
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift - glid - ing  
 3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have be - gun to

deep, Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the  
 craft, Set sail! fare - well to the land, The  
 frown, But with a stout ves - sel and crew We'll

FINE. *mp*

winds their rev - els keep: Like an ea - gle caged I  
 gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the spark - ling  
 say "Let the storm come down!" And the song of our heart shall

*mp*

pine On this dull, un - chang - ing shore: Oh!  
 foam, Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the  
 be, While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A

*Agitato.* Sing first verse in D. C.

give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!  
 o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!  
 life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Johann André.

*Maestoso.*

1. Once more the lib - 'ral year laughs out . . O'er
2. Our com - mon moth - er rests and sings, . . Like
3. O fa - vors ev - 'ry year made new! . . O
4. We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on; . . We
5. So let these al - tars wreathed with flowers . And



rich - er stores than gems or gold; Once more with har - vest  
 Ruth, a - mong her gar - nered sheaves; Her lap is full of  
 gifts with rain and sun - shine sent! The boun - ty o - ver -  
 mur - mur, but the corn - ears fill; We choose the shad - ow,  
 piled with fruits, a - wake a - gain Thanksgiv - ings for the



song and shout Is Na - ture's blood - less tri - umph  
 good - ly things, Her brow is bright with au - tumn  
 runs our due, The full - ness shames our dis - con -  
 but the sun That casts it shines be - hind us  
 gold - en hours, The ear - ly and the lat - ter



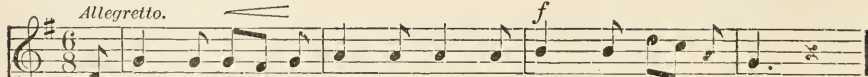
told, With song and shout is Nature's bloodless tri - umph told.  
 leaves, Her lap is full, her brow is bright with Au - tumn leaves.  
 tent, The full - ness o - ver - runs our due, and shames our dis - con - tent.  
 still, We choose the shad - ow, but the sun is shin - ing still.  
 rain! The gold - en hours, the ear - ly and the lat - ter rain!



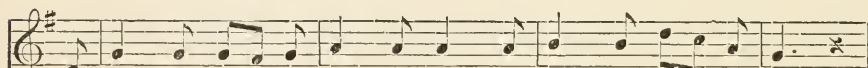
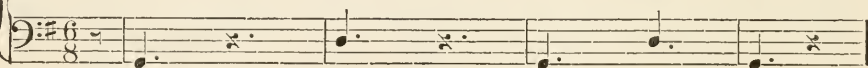
## THE CORN SONG.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

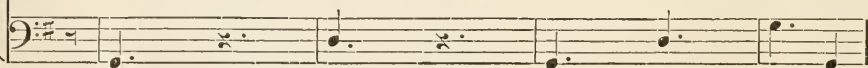
German Air.

*Allegretto.*

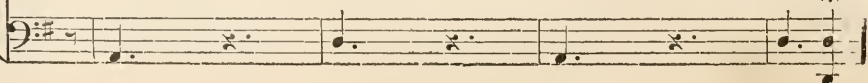
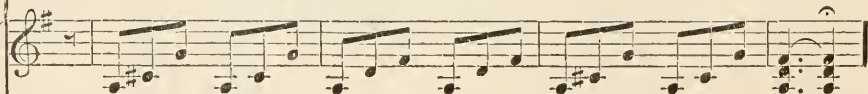
1. Heap high the farm-er's win - try hoard! Heap high the gold-en corn!
2. Let oth - er lands, ex - ult - ing, glean The ap - ple from the pine,
3. Thro' vales of grass and meads of flow'rs Our ploughs their furrows made,
4. All thro' the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair,
5. Let vap - id i - dlers loll in silk A - round their cost - ly board;



No rich - er gift has Au - tumn poured From out her lav - ish horn!  
 The or - ange from its glossy green, The clus - ter from the vine;  
 While on the hills the sun and showers Of changeful A - pril played.  
 And way'd in hot mid-sum-mer's noon Its soft and yel - low hair.  
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk, By home-spun beau-ty poured!



So let the good old crop a - dorn The hills our fa - thers trod;  
 We bet - ter love the har - dy gift Our rug - ged vales be - stow,  
 We dropp'd the seed o'er hill and plain, Be - neath the sun of May,  
 And now, with au-tumn's moon-lit eyes, Its har - vest-time has come,  
 Where'er the wide old kitch - en hearth Sends up its smoky curls,



Still let us, for his gold-en eorn, Send up our thanks to God!  
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift Our har-vest-fields with snow.  
 And frighten'd from our sprouting grain The rob-ber crows a-way.  
 We pluck a-way the frost-ed leaves, And bear the treas-ure home.  
 Who will not thank the kind-ly earth, And bless our farm-er girls!

## THE RAVEN.

Edgar Allan Poe.

1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak }  
 and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume } of for-got-ten lore;

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came  
 a tapping, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-ber door;

"'Tis some visitor," I }  
 muttered, "tapping } at my chamber door; Only this and noth-ing more."

2. Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor; ||  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore; ||  
 For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore, ||  
 Nameless here, for ever more. ||
3. Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the sainted days of yore. ||  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or staid he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door; ||  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door; ||  
 Perched and sat, and nothing more. ||
4. And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting — still is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door: ||  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,  
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor; ||  
 And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor, ||  
 Shall be lifted — never more." ||



## HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne.

Sicilian Air.

*Moderato.*

1. { Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,  
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place (Omit. . . )

2. { An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain;  
Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage (Omit. . . )

like home; } { A charm from the skies seems to  
a - gain; } { Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er  
} { The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that  
} { Give me these, with the peace of mind

hal - low us there, Omit. . . } Home, home, —sweet, sweet home! There's  
met with (Omit. . . ) else - where; }  
came at my call —  
dear - er (Omit. . . ) than all. }

no place like home, There's no place like home.

3 How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,  
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

REFRAIN.

4 To thee I'll return, overburdened with care,  
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.  
No more from that cottage again will I roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

REFRAIN.

Marshall S. Pike.  
Two or four parts.

Marshall S. Pike.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore! And  
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, And  
 3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Ling - ers round the place, And

oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.  
 oh, the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me;  
 oh, I feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face.

*pp*  
 Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam,  
 And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me long - er roam,  
 Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome,

*pp*

*1st stanza in D.C.*  
 But now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.  
 But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.  
 For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

*D.C.*



George Howland.

Scotch Air.  
(Air: Auld Lang Syne.)

*p* *dolce.*

1. What - ev - er be our earth - ly lot, Wher - ev - er we may roam, Still  
2. When win - ter, com - ing in its wrath, Pil'd high the drifting snow, Safe  
3. When wea - ried with our ea - ger chase, Thro' many a tangled path, How  
4. And brighter with the pass - ing years Seems childhood's sweet employ, And

*mf*

to our hearts the bright - est spot Is round the hearth at home. The  
clus - ter'd round the cheer - ful hearth, We watch'd the fire - light glow; Nor  
sweet the dear ac - cus - tom'd place To take a - round the hearth! And  
ev - er sweet - er still ap - pears Each well - re - mem - ber'd joy, A -

*cres.* *f*

home that wel - comed us at birth, The hearth by which we sat; No  
bright - er seem'd the rud - dy flames Than did our hearts, the while A  
still when by our toil and care We feel our - selves op - press'd, Our  
round the cheer - ful hearth at home, Where we in child - hood sat; No

*dim. e rall.*

oth - er spot on all the earth Will ev - er be like that.  
lov - ing moth - er breath'd our names With sweet ap - prov - ing smile.  
thoughts forev - er clus - ter there, And there a - lone find rest.  
oth - er spot, wher - e'er we roam, Will ev - er be like that.

*dim. e rall.*

Lucy Larcom.

*Alliegretto.*

German Air.

*mf*

1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I'd do;  
 2. If I were a sun - beam, I know where I'd go;  
 3. Art thou not a sun - beam, Child whose life is glad

*mf*

*cres.* *dim.*

I would seek white lil - ies The rain - y wood - land through.  
 In - to low - liest hov - els, Dark with want and woe;  
 With an in - ner ra - diance Sun - shine nev - er had?

*cres.* *dim.*

I would steal a - mong them, Soft - est light I'd shed,  
 Till sad hearts look'd up - ward, I would shine and shine;  
 O, as God hath bless'd thee, Scat - ter rays di - vine!

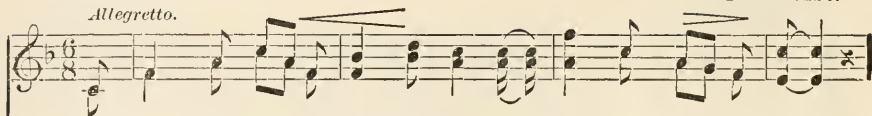
*f*

Un - til ev - 'ry lil - y Raised its droop - ing head.  
 Then they'd think of heav - en, Their sweet home and mine.  
 For there is no sun - beam But must die or shine.

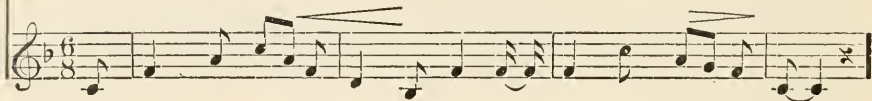
*f*

Richard Watson Gilder.

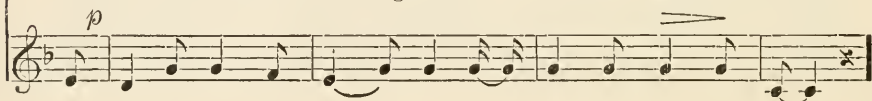
Franz Abt.

*Allegretto.*

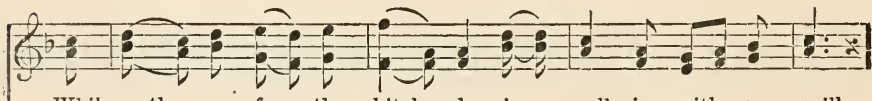
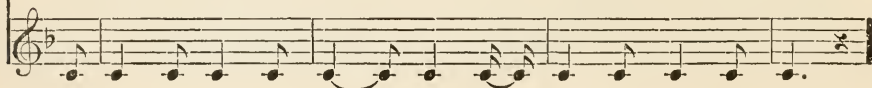
1. Oh fa - ther's gone to mark - et-town he was up be - fore the day,
2. From all the mist-y morn-ing air there comes a - sum - mer sound.
3. A - bove the trees the hon - ey bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
4. How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!



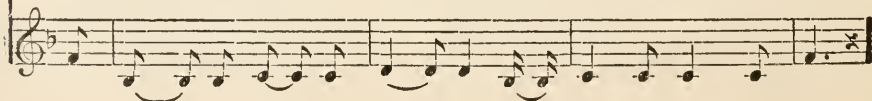
And Ja-mie's aft - er rob - ins, and the man is mak - ing hay,  
 A murmur as of wa - ters, from skies and trees and ground.  
 And in the field and gar - den a thousand blos - soms bloom;  
 The farm - er's wife is listen - ing now, and won - ders what's the matter.



And whistling down the hol - low goes the boy who minds the mill,  
 The birds they sing up - on the wing, the pig - eons bill and coo;  
 Within the far - mer's mead - ow, a brown-eyed dais - y blows.  
 Oh, wild the birds are sing - ing in the wood and on the hill,



While moth - er from the kitchen door is call - ing with a will,  
 And o - ver hill and hol - low rings a - gain the loud hal - loo:  
 And down at the edge of the hol - low a red and thorn - y rose.  
 While whist - ling up the hol - low goes the boy that minds the mill.



Pol - ly! Pol - ly!

*f*

Oh, Pol - ly! the cows are in the corn! Oh, where's Pol - ly?

## GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. Hickson.

German Air.

*mf* *Maestoso.*

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right; }  
 { In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right; }  
 2. { Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; }  
 { Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right; }  
 3. { Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right; }  
 { Ne'er th' event nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right; }

*mf*

*f* *p*

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on  
 Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail we  
 Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, In the strength of

*cres.* *pp*

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 heav'n suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

*cres.* *pp*

Coates Kinney.

*Andantino.*

Johann Gottlieb Naumann.

1. When the hu - mid show-ers gath-er O - ver all the star-ry spheres,  
 2. Ev - 'ry tin - kle on the shin - gles Has an ech - o in the heart,  
 3. There in fan - cy comes my moth - er, As she used to years a - gone,  
 4. Then my lit - tle ser - aph - is - ter, With her wings and wav - ing hair,  
 5. There is naught in art's bra - vur - as That can work with such a spell,

And the mel - an - chol - y dark - ness Gen - tly falls in rainy tears,  
 And a thou - sand dreamy fan - cies In - to bus - y be - ing start,  
 To sur - vey the in - fant sleepers, Ere she left them till the dawn.  
 And her bright - eye'd cher - ub - brother, A se - rene an - gel - ic pair,  
 In the spir - it's pure, deep fountains Whence the ho - ly passions swell.

'Tis a joy to press the pil - low Of a cot - tage chamber bed,  
 And a thou - sand rec - ol - lec - tions Weave their bright hues in - to wof  
 I can see her bend - ing o'er me, As I list - en to the strain  
 Glide a - round my wake - ful pil - low, With their praise or mild re - proof,  
 As that mel - o - dy of na - ture, That sub - dued, sub - du - ing strain,

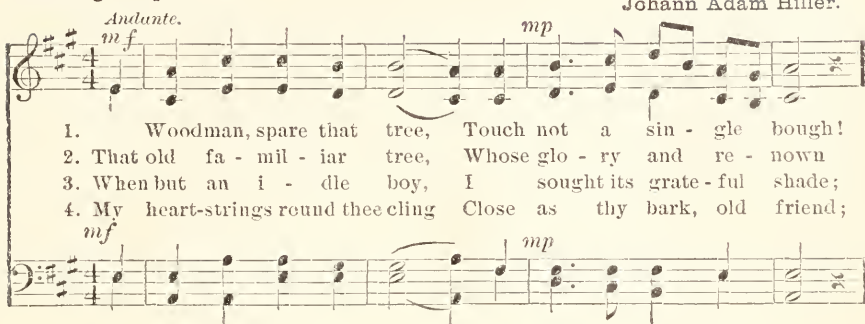
And to list - en to the pat - ter Of the soft rain o - ver - head.  
 As I list - en to the pat - ter Of the soft rain on the roof.  
 Which is play'd up - on the shin - gles By the pat - ter of the rain.  
 As I list - en to the mur - mur Of the soft rain on the roof.  
 Which is play'd up - on the shin - gles By the pat - ter of the rain.



George Pope Morris.

Johann Adam Hiller.

*Andante.*  
*mf*



1. Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a sin - gle bough!  
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, Whose glo - ry and re - nown  
 3. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grate - ful shade;  
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling Close as thy bark, old friend;

*mf*

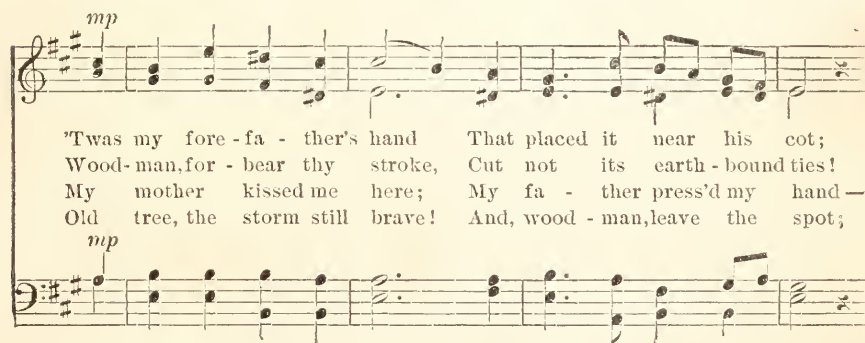
*cres.*



In youth it shel - tered me, And I'll pro - tect it now.  
 Are spread o'er land and sea — And would'st thou hew it down?  
 In all their gush - ing joy Here, too, my sis - ters played.  
 Here shall the wild - bird sing, And still thy branch - es bend.

*cres.*

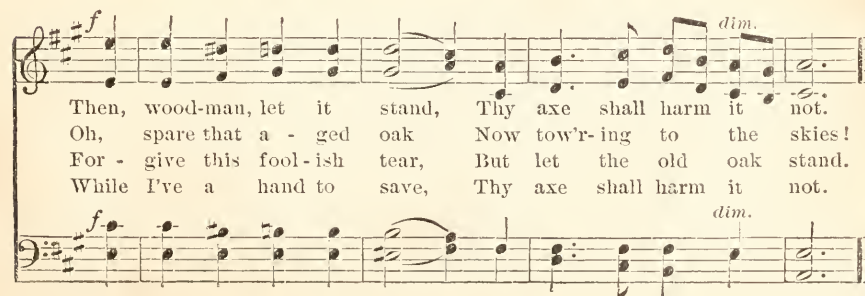
*mp*



'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand That placed it near his cot;  
 Wood - man, for - bear thy stroke, Cut not its earth - bound ties!  
 My mother kissed me here; My fa - ther press'd my hand —  
 Old tree, the storm still brave! And, wood - man, leave the spot;

*mp*

*f*



Then, wood - man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not.  
 Oh, spare that a - ged oak Now tow'r - ing to the skies!  
 For - give this fool - ish tear, But let the old oak stand.  
 While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not.

*f* *dim.*



Samuel Woodworth.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild - wood, And

*D.C.* The old oak - en buck - et — the i - ron - bound buck - et — The

FINE

fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view! }  
ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew; }

moss - cov - ered buck - et which hung in the well.

{ The wide-spread - ing pond, and the mill that stood by it — The  
{ The cot of my fath - er, the dai - ry - house nigh it, And

*D.C.*

bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell — }  
e'en the rude buck - et which hung in the well. }

*D.C.*

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure —  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell —  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —  
The old oaken bucket — the iron-bound bucket —  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket, which hangs in the well —  
The old oaken bucket — the iron-bound bucket —  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Isaac B. Woodbury.  
*Tenderly.*

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a  
2. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her  
3. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing! fet - ter - less now; Stoop

young heart a - wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will foun - dle thee  
moth - er hath ey - er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a -  
not thy bright pin - ions on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a -

close, she will ask for the lov'd, Who pine up - on earth since the  
lone, in the still quiet night, And her fond heart goes forth for the  
way, o'er rock, riv - er and glen, And find our young "Day Star," ere

"Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we miss her, so long is her  
be - ing of light, Who had slept in her bo - som, - but who would not  
night close a - gain; Up, on - ward! let noth - ing thy mis - sion de -

stay.  
stay?  
lay.

Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

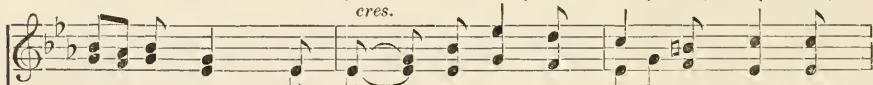
## THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

William Cullen Bryant.

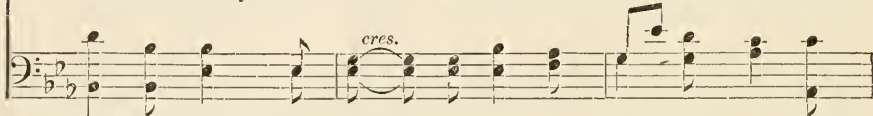
Arr. from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

*Andante.*

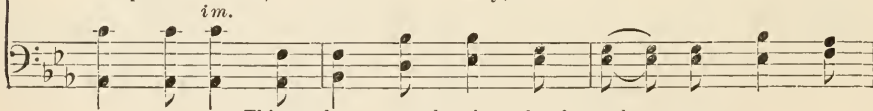
1. An In - dian girl was sit - ting where Her lov - er, slain in  
 2. 'Twas I the broid-ered moc - sen made, That shod thee for that  
 3. With wam - pum belts I cross'd thy breast, And wrapped thee in the  
 4. Thou'rt hap - py now, for thou hast passed The long dark jour - ney  
 5. Yet, oft to thine own In - dian maid Even there thy thoughts will

*Andante.*

bat - tle, slept; Her inaid - en veil, her own black hair, Came  
 dis - tant land; 'Twas I thy bow and ar - rows laid Be -  
 bi - son's hide, And laid the food that pleased thee best In  
 of the grave, And in the land of light, at last, Hast  
 earth-ward stray— To her who sits where thou wert laid, And



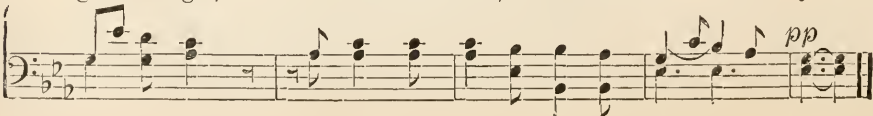
down o'er eyes, o'er eyes that wept; And wild - ly, in her  
 side thy still, thy still cold hand; Thy bow in many a  
 plen - ty, plen - ty by thy side; And decked thee brave-ly  
 joined the good, the good and brave A - mid the flushed and  
 weeps the hours, the hours a - way, Yet al - most can her



This sad and sim - ple lay she sung. . . . .  
 Thy ar - rows nev - er, nev - er vain - ly sent. . . . .  
 A war - rior of il - lus - trious name. . . . .  
 The brav - est and the love - liest there. . . . .  
 To think that thou dost love her yet. . . . .



wood-land tongue, This sad and sim-ple, sim-ple lay she sung:  
 bat - tle bent, Thy ar - rows nev - er, nev - er vain - ly sent.  
 as be - came A war - rior, war - rior of il - lus - trious name.  
 balm - y air, The brav - est, bravest and the love - liest there.  
 grief for - get, To think that thou, that thou dost love her yet."



Lydia Huntley Sigourney.  
*Moderato.*

Wellington Guernsey.  
(Air: I'll hang my harp on a willow tree.)



1. Ye say they all have pass'd a - way, That no - ble race and brave,
2. 'Tis where On - ta - rio's bil - low Like o - cean's surge is eurl'd,
3. Ye say their cone-like eab - ins That elus-ter'd o'er the vale,
4. Old Mas - sa - chusetts wears it With-in her lord-ly crown,
5. Wa - chu - sett hides its lin-g'ring voice With-in his rocky heart,



That their light ea - noes have van - ish'd From off the crest-ed wave.  
Where strong Ni - ag-a-ra's thunders wake The eeh-oes of the world,  
Have dis - ap-pear'd, as wither'd leaves Be - fore the autumn gale;  
And broad O - hi - o bears it A - mid his young re - nown;  
And Al - le - gha - ny graves its tone Thro'out his loft-y chart;



That, mid the for - ests where they roan'd. There rings no hun - ter's shout;  
Where red Mis-sou-ri bring - eth Rich tri - bute from the west,  
But their mem'ry liv - eth on your hills, Their bap - tism on your shore,  
Con - nect-i - eut hath wreath'd it Where her qui - et foli - age waves,  
Mo - nad-noek, on his fore-head hoar, Doth seal the sa - cred trust;



But their name is on your riv - ers, Ye may not wash it out.  
And Rap - pa - han - noek sweetly sleeps O green Virgi - nia's breast.  
Your ev - er - last - ing riv - ers speak Their di - a - leet of yore.  
And bold Ken-tuek-y breathes it hoarse Thro' all her an - cient eaves.  
Your moun - tains build their mon-u-ments, Tho' ye destroy their dust.

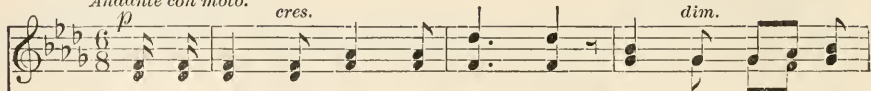




## MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Wilhelm Taubert.

*Andante con moto.**cres.**dim.*

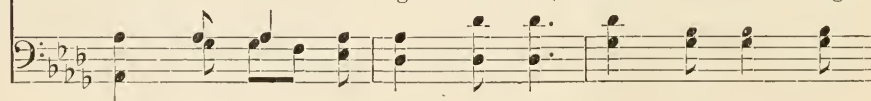
1. There is one bright star in heav - en, Ev - er shin - ing  
 2. In my far - thest, wild - est wan - d'rings I have turned me



*mf*  
 in my night; God to me one guide has giv - en,  
 to that love, As a div - er 'neath the wa - ter,

*Agitato.*

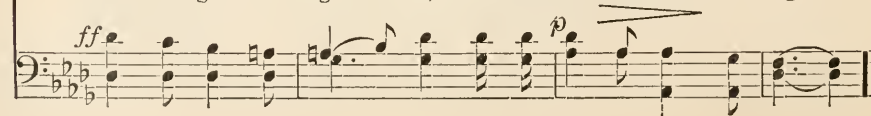
Like the sai - lor's bea - con light, Set on ev - 'ry  
 Turns to watch the light a - bove,— There is one bright



shoal and dan - ger, send - ing out its warn - ing ray To the  
 star in heav - en Ev - er shin - ing in my night; God to



home-bound, wea - ry stran - ger Looking for the land-locked bay.  
 me one guide has giv - en, Like the sai - lor's bea-con light.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

*Andantino.*

Charles C. Converse.

1. In the wig - wam with No - ko - mis,  
 2. "No, my child!" said old No - ko - mis,  
 3. "No, my child!" said old No - ko - mis,

With those gloom - y guests that watched her,  
 "Tis the night - wind in the pine - trees!" —  
 "Tis the smoke, that waves and beck - ons!" —

With the fam - ine and the fev - er, She was ly - ing,  
 "No, my child!" said old No - ko - mis, "Tis the night - wind  
 "No, my child!" said old No - ko - mis, "Tis the smoke, that

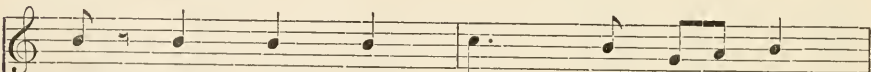


FINE.

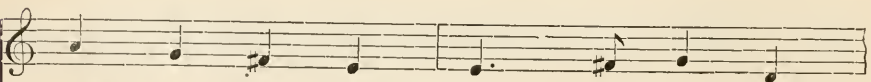
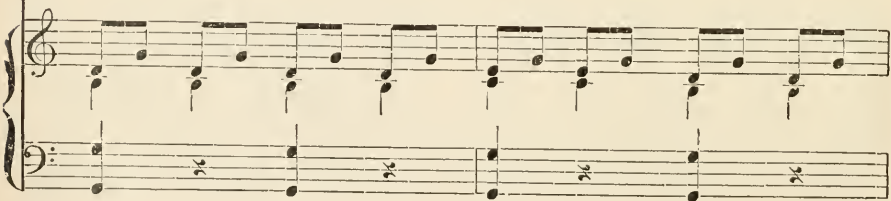


Min - ne - ha - ha.  
in the pine - trees!"  
waves and beck - ons!"

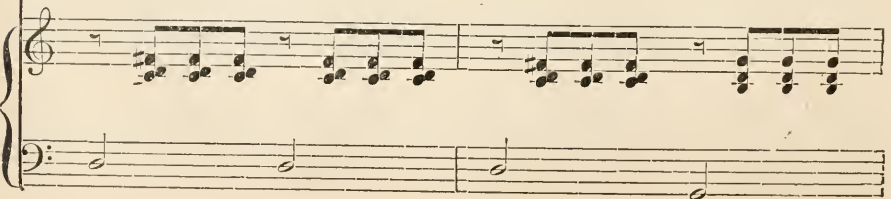
FINE



"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rush - ing,  
"Look!" she said; "I see my fa - ther  
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pau - guk



Hear a roar - ing and a rush - ing,  
Stand - ing lone - ly at his door - way,  
Glare up - on me in the dark - ness,



Hear the Falls of Min - ne - ha - ha,  
Beck - 'ning to me from his wig - wam  
I can feel his i - cy fin - gers—

Call - ing to me from a dis - tance!"  
In the land of the Da - co - tahs!"  
Hi - a - wa - tha! Hi - a - wa - tha!"

4 And the des'late Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness.  
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

5 "Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"  
And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw Nokomis rocking, moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him.

6 And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.  
Then he sat down, still and speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,

At those willing feet that never  
More would lightly run to meet him.

7 With both hands his face he covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there  
As if in a swoon, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.  
Then they buried Minnehaha,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine.

8 And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
Hiawatha stood and watched it.  
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!

*(From beginning to Fine.)*

9 All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed!"

Eugene Field.

Arr. from Voigtlaender.

*Affettuoso allegretto.*

1. O          Moth - er - my - Love, if    you'll give me your hand, And  
 2. There'll be no lit - tle tired - out boy to un - dress, No  
 3. And          when I am tired          I'll nes - tle my head In the

go where I ask you to wan - der,                    I will  
 ques - tions or cares to per - plex you,            There'll be  
 bo - som that's sooth'd me so oft - en,            And the

lead you a - way to a beau - ti - ful land,— The  
 no lit - tle bruises or bumps to ca - ress, Nor  
 wide a - wake stars shall sing in my stead, A

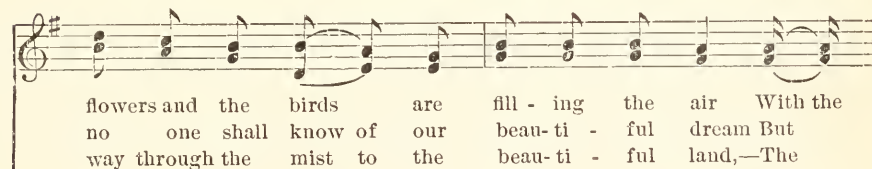
dream-land that's wait - ing out yon - der.            We'll  
 patch - ing of stock - ings to vex you;            For I'll  
 song which our dream - ing shall soft - en.            So.



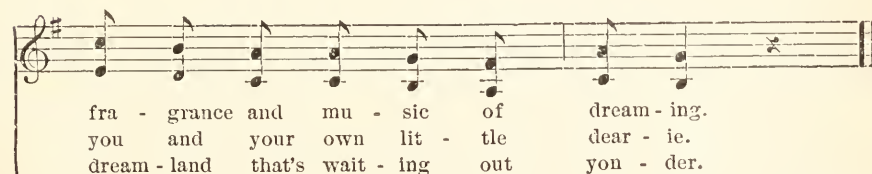
wall in a sweet po - sie - gar - den out there, Where  
 rock you a - way on a sil - ver - dew stream, And  
 Moth - er - my - Love, let me take your dear hand, And a -




moon-light and star - light are stream-ing, And the  
 sing you a - sleep when you're wea - ry, And  
 way thro' the star - light we'll wan - der,— A -

flowers and the birds are fill - ing the air With the  
 no one shall know of our beau - ti - ful dream But  
 way through the mist to the beau - ti - ful land,—The

fra - grance and mu - sic of dream - ing.  
 you and your own lit - tle dear - ie.  
 dream - land that's wait - ing out you - der.



Phoebe Cary.  
*Andante.* *cres.*

Arr. from  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

1. Faint - er and faint - er may fall on my ear The  
2. Whit - er and whit - er may turn with each day The  
3. Dark - er and dark - er a - bove thee may spread The

*dim.*

voice that is sweet - er than mu - sic to hear;  
locks that so sad - ly are chang - ing to gray;  
clouds of a fate that is hope - less and dread;

*cres.*

More and more ea - ger - ly then will I list, That  
Dear - er and dear - er shall these seem to me, The  
Bright - er and bright - er the sun of my love Will

*cres.*

nev - er a word or an ac - cent be missed.  
few - er and whit - er and thin - ner they be.  
shine, all the shad - ows and mists to re - move.

*dim.*



Slow - er and slow - er the foot - steps may grow, Whose  
Weak - er and weak - er may be the light clasp Of the  
En - vy and mal - ice thy life may as - sail,



fall is the pleas - ant - est sound that I know;  
hand that I hold so se - cure in my grasp;  
Fa - vor and for - tune and friend - ship may fail;



Quick - er and quick - er my glad heart shall learn To  
Strong - er and strong - er my own to the last Will  
Per - fect and sure, and un - dy - ing shall be The



catch its faint ech - o and bless its re - turn.  
cling to it, hold - ing it ten - der - ly fast.  
trust of this heart that is cen - tred in thee!





## THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

James T. Fields.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

*p* *cres.*

1. We were crowd - ed in the cab - in, Not a  
 2. So we shud - dered there in sil - ence; For the  
 3. But his lit - tle daugh - ter whis - pered, As she

*p* *cres.*

soul would dare to sleep; It was mid - night on the  
 stout - est held his breath, While the hun - gry sea was  
 took his i - cy hand, "Isn't God up - on the

*pp*

wa - ters, And a storm was on the deep, 'Tis a  
 roar - ing, And the break - ers talked with Death. And as  
 o - cean, Just the same as on the land?" Then we

*pp*

fear - ful thing in win - ter To be shat - tered by the  
 thus we sat in si - lence, Each bu - sy in his  
 kissed the lit - tle maid - en, And we spoke in bet - ter

blast, And to hear the trum - pet thun - der,  
 pray'rs, "We are lost!" the cap - tain shout-ed, As he  
 cheer; And we an - chored safe in har - bor, When the

*ff* "Cut a - way the mast!" And a shout rose wild and  
 stag - gered down the stairs, clear.  
 morn was shin - ing

*ff*

*CODA.\**  
*D.C.*

joy - ous, As we clasped the friend-ly hand "Ah!

God is on the o - cean Just the same as on the land."

*rit.*

*rit.*

\* This spirited coda was, evidently, not written by Mr. Fields, but the editors are not able to say who added it.

## THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Alice Cary.

Franz Schubert.

1. O Mem - o - ry, be sweet to me— Take,  
 2. Take vio - let - bed, and rose - tree red, The  
 3. Take all of best from east to west, So  
 4. Ah, Mem - o - ry, be sweet to me! All

*p*  
 take all else at will, So thou but leave me  
 pur - ple flags by the mill, The mead - ow gay, the  
 thou but leave me still The cham - ber, where in the  
 oth - er foun - tains chill; But leave that song so

safe and sound, With - out a to - ken my  
 gar - den - ground, But leave, oh leave me,  
 star - ry light I used to lie a -  
 weird and wild, Dear as its life to the

heart to wound, The lit - tle house on the hill!  
 safe and sound, The lit - tle house on the hill!  
 wake at night And list to the whip - poor - will.  
 heart of the child, In the lit - tle house on the hill!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Unknown.

1. Sol - emn - ly, mourn - ful - ly, Deal - ing its dole, The  
 4. No voice in the cham - bers, No sound in the hall! . . .  
 5. The book is complet - ed, And closed, like the day; And the  
 8. Dark - er and dark - er The black shad - ows fall; . . .

Cur - few Bell Is be - gin - ning to toll. 2. Cov - er the em - bers, And  
 Sleep and ob - liv - i - on Reign o - ver all! D. C.  
 hand that has writ - ten it Lays it a - way. 6. Dim grow its fan - cies, For -  
 Sleep and ob - liv - i - on Reign o - ver all!

put out the light; Toil comes with the morning, And rest with the night.  
 got - ten they lie; Like coals in the ash - es, They darken and die.

3. Dark grow the win - dows, And quenched is the fire;  
 7. Song sinks in - to si - lence, The sto - ry is told, The

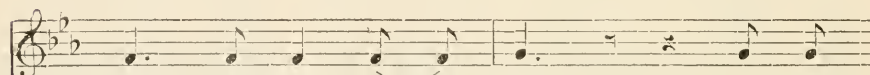
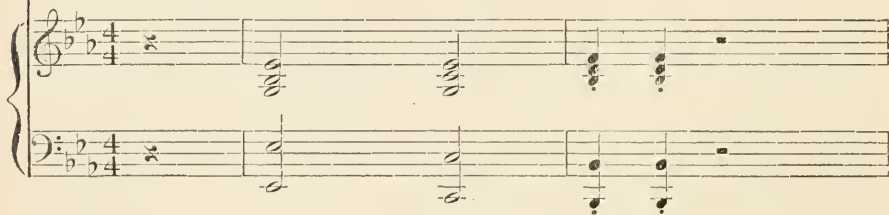
Sound fades in - to si - lence, All foot - steps re - tire.  
 win - dows are dark - ened, The hearthstone is cold.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

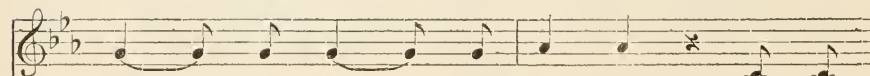
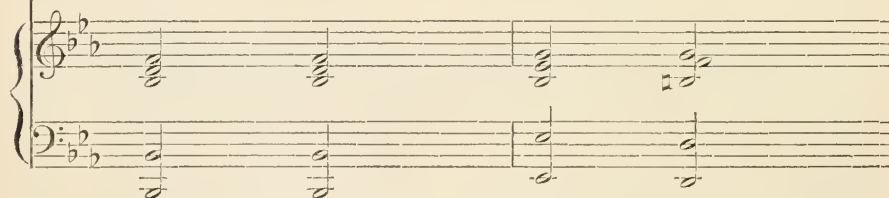
M. Lindsay.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. I stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the  
 2. How oft - en, O, how oft - en, In the  
 3. For my heart was hot and rest - less, And my  
 4. Yet when - ev - er I cross the riv - er On its

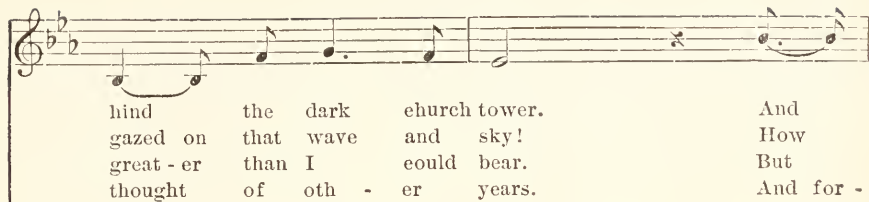


clocks were strik - ing the hour, And the  
 days that had gone by, I had  
 life was full of care, And the  
 bridge with wood - en piers, Like the




moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be -  
 stood on that bridge at mid - night And  
 bur - den laid up - on me Seemed  
 o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the

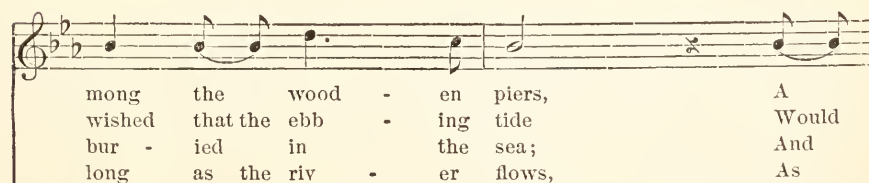




hind the dark church tower. And  
gazed on that wave and sky! How  
great - er than I could bear. But  
thought of oth - er years. And for -

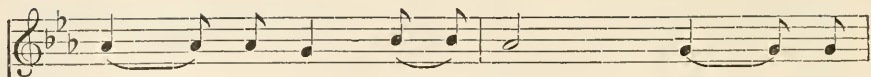
like . . those wa - ters rush - ing A -  
oft - en, O, how oft - en, I had  
now it has fall - en from me, It is  
ev - er and for - ev - er, As

mong the wood - en piers, A  
wished that the ebb - ing tide Would  
bur - ied in the sea; And  
long as the riv - er flows, As







flood . . of thoughts came o'er me . . That  
 bear me a - way on its bos - om O'er the  
 on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers Throws its  
 long as the heart has pas - sions, As



filled my eyes . . . with tears. . . . .  
 o - cean wild . . . and wide! . . . . .  
 shad - ow o - ver me . . . . .  
 long as life . . . has



woes; The moon and its bro - ken re -



flec - tion                      And its shad - ows shall ap -

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics 'flec - tion                      And its shad - ows shall ap -'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line with occasional rests in the left hand.

pear,                              As the sym - bol of love                      in

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics 'pear,                              As the sym - bol of love                      in'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

heav - en,                      And its wav - 'ring im - age here.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics 'heav - en,                      And its wav - 'ring im - age here.'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

James Russell Lowell.  
*Maestoso.*

Arr. from the German.

1. The rich man's son in - her - its lands, And piles of brick and  
2. What doth the poor man's son in - herit? Wish - es o'er - joyed with  
3. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod, Are e - qual in the

stone, and gold, And he in - her - its soft white hands, And  
hum - ble things, A rank ad - judg'd by toil - won merit, Con -  
earth at last; Both, chil - dren of the same dear God, Prove

ten - der flesh that fears the cold, And ten - der flesh that  
tent that from em - ploy - ment springs, Con - tent that from em -  
ti - tle to your heir - ship vast, Prove ti - tle to your

fears the cold; Nor dares to wear a gar - ment old, A  
ploy - ment springs, A heart that in his la - bor sings; A  
heir - ship vast By rec - ord of a well - filled past; A

*f*  
her - it - age, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.  
her - it - age, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.  
her - it - age, it seems to me, Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Sidney Lanier.  
*Allegretto.*

Old College Air.

1. One arm stretched back - ward round his head, Five  
 2. Heav'n-lights, I know, are beam - ing through Those  
 3. O sweet Sleep - An - gel thron - ed now On  
 4. I vow my heart, when death is nigh, Shall

lit - tle toes from out the bed . . . Just  
 lu - cent eye - lids, veined with blue, . . . That  
 the round glo - ry of his brow, . . .  
 nev - er shiv - er with a sigh . . . For

show - ing like five rose - buds red, — So  
 shut a - way from mor - tal view Large  
 Wave thy wing and waft my vow Breathed  
 act of hand or tongue or eye That

slum - bers Ba - by Char - ley.  
 eyes of Ba - by Char - ley.  
 o - ver Ba - by Char - ley.  
 wronged my Ba - by Char - ley.

## WILL AND I.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Unknown.

*mf* *p* *pp*

1. We roam the hills to - geth - er, — Will and I, Will and I,  
 2. Where the tink - ling brook - let pass - es, — Will and I, Will and I,  
 3. A - mid cool for - est clos - es, — Will and I, Will and I,  
 4. Ah! thus we roam to - geth - er, — Will and I, Will and I,

*mf*

In the gold - en sum - mer weath - er, — Will and I: And the  
 Thro' the heart of dew - y grass - es, — Will and I Have  
 We have pluck'd the wild - wood ros - es, — Will and I, And have  
 Thro' the gold - en sum - mer weath - er, — Will and I; While the

*ff*

glow - ing sun - beams bless us, And the winds of heav'n ca -  
 heard the mock - bird sing - ing, And the field - lark seen up -  
 twined, with ten - der du - ty, Sweet wreaths to crown the  
 glow - ing sun - beams bless us, And the winds of heav'n ca -

*cres.* *p*

ress us, As we wan - der hand in hand, — Will and I,  
 spring - ing In his hap - py flight a - far, — Will and I,  
 beau - ty Of the pur - est brows that shine, — Will and I,  
 ress us, As we wan - der hand in hand, — Will and I,

*pp* *slower.* *pp*

Will and I, — Thro' the bliss - ful sum - mer land, — Will and I  
 Will and I, Like a ti - ny winged star, — Will and I.  
 Will and I, With a moth - er love di - vine, — Will and I.  
 Will and I, O'er the bliss - ful sum - mer land, — Will and I.

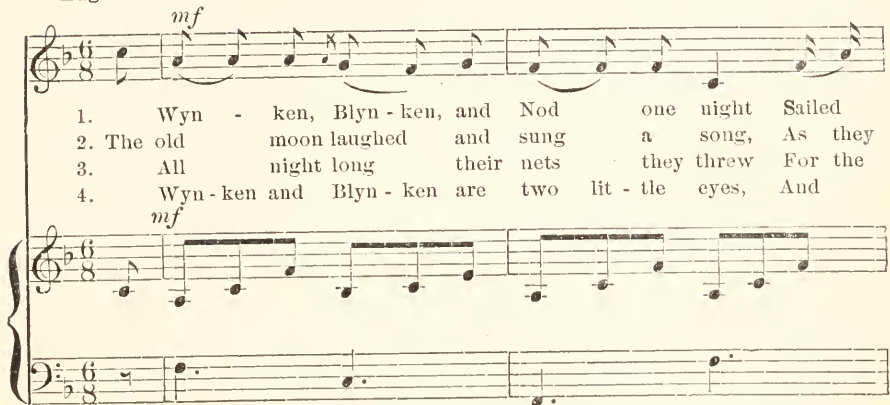
*pp* *slower.* *pp*



Eugene Field.

Giovanni Paisiello.

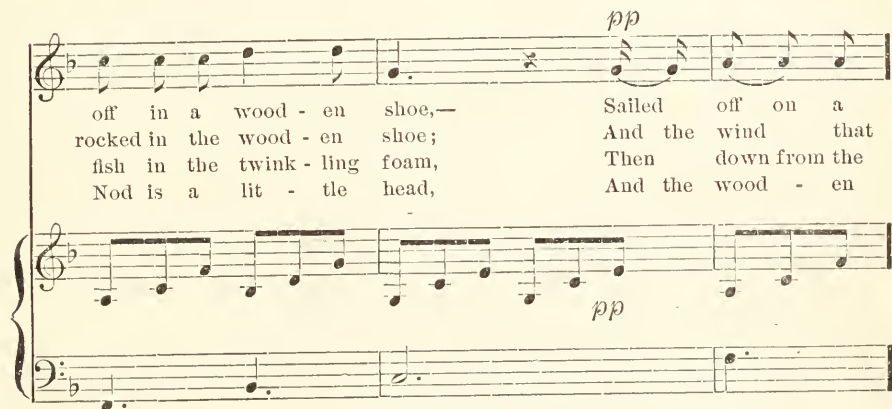
*mf*



1. Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken, and Nod one night Sailed  
 2. The old moon laughed and sung a song, As they  
 3. All night long their nets they threw For the  
 4. Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken are two lit - tle eyes, And

*mf*

*pp*



off in a wood - en shoe,— Sailed off on a  
 rocked in the wood - en shoe; And the wind that  
 fish in the twink - ling foam, Then down from the  
 Nod is a lit - tle head, And the wood - en

*pp*



riv - er of mist - y light In - to a sea of  
 sped them all night long Ruf - fled the waves of  
 sky came the wood - en shoe, Bring - ing the fish - er - men  
 shoe that sailed the skies, A wee one's trun - dle -





her - ring fish That live in this beau - ti - ful  
 ev - er you wish, But nev - er a - feared are  
 dream they'd dreamed Of sail - ing that beau - ti - ful  
 beau - ti - ful things As you rock on the mist - y

sea; . . . . . Nets of sil - ver and  
 we! . . . . . So . . . cried the stars to the  
 sea; . . . . . But . . . I shall name you the  
 sea . . . . . Where the old shoe rocked the

gold have we," Said Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken, and Nod.  
 fish - er - men three, — Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken, and Nod.  
 fish - er - men three: Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken, and Nod.  
 fish - er - men three, — Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken, and Nod.

## THE PROPOSAL.

Bayard Taylor.  
*cres.*Arr. from Christoph Willibald Gluck.  
*dim.*

1. The vio - let loves a sun - ny bank, The  
 2. The sun - shine kiss - es mount and vale, The  
 3. The ori - ole weds his mot - tled mate, The

*cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *cres.*

cow - slip loves the lea; . . . The scar - let creep - er  
 stars they kiss the sea; . . . The west winds kiss the  
 lil - y's bride o' the bee; . . . Heav'n's mar - riage - ring is

*cres.* *cres.*

*p* *dim.*

loves the elm, But I love . . . thee. . . .  
 clov - er bloom, But I kiss . . . thee. . . .  
 round the earth— Shall I wed . . . thee? . . .

*dim.*

Sidney Lanier.

Joseph Barnby.

(Air: Sweet and Low.)

*Andante. cres. dim.*

1. May, the maid - en, Vio - let la - den, Out of the vio - let sea,  
 2. Day the state - ly, Sunk - en late - ly In - to the vio - let sea,  
 3. Night the ho - ly, Sail - ing slow - ly O - ver the vio - let sea,

*cres. dim.*

Comes and hov - ers O - ver lov - ers, O - ver thee and me;  
 Back - ward hov - ers O - ver lov - ers, O - ver me and thee;  
 Stars un - cov - ers O - ver lov - ers, Stars for me and thee;

*p pp*

O - ver thee, Ma - rie, and me, Out of the vio - let sea, Ma - rie,  
 O - ver thee, Ma - rie, and me, Out of the vio - let sea, Ma - rie,  
 Stars for thee, Ma - rie, and me, O - ver the vio - let sea, Ma - rie,

*mf dim. p dim. rit.*

Comes and hovers O - ver lovers, Hovers o - ver thee and me, Ma - rie. . . . .  
 Backward hovers O - ver lovers, Hovers o - ver thee and me, Ma - rie. . . . .  
 Stars un - covers O - ver lovers, Stars for lovers, thee and me, Ma - rie. . . . .

Alice Cary.

Friedrich Ludwig Seidel.

*Allegretto.* *p* *cres.* *mf*

1. I heard the gay spring com - ing, la, la, . . . I  
 2. I heard the ploughman's whis - tle, la, la, . . . I  
 3. I felt the warm, bright weath - er; la, la, . . . Saw the  
 4. The blue bird and her nest - ling, la, la, . . . Flew a -

*Allegretto.* *p* *cres.* *mf*

*cres.*

saw the clo - ver bloom - ing, la, la, la, la, la,  
 saw the rough burr this - tle, la, la, la, la, la,  
 har - vest, saw them gath - er, la, la, la, la, la,  
 way;— the leaves fell rust - ling, la, la, la, la, la,

*cres.*

*mf*

la, . . . Red and white a - long the mead - ows;  
 la, . . . In the sharp teeth of the har - row,—  
 la, . . . Corn and mil - let, wheat and ap - ples,—  
 la, . . . The cold rain killed the ros - es, The

*mf*



*p* *cres.*

Red and white a - long the streams; I heard the blue bird  
 Saw the sum - mer's yel - low gleams In the wal - nuts, in the  
 Saw the gray barn's op - 'ning seams, I saw the bare - armed  
 sun with - drew his beams; . . . No crea - ture cared a

*p* *cres.*

*dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

sing - ing, I saw the green grass spring - ing, All  
 fen - nel, In the mul - leins lined with flan - nel, All  
 shear - ers,— The rud - dy wa - ter bear - ers,— All  
 bout me, The world could do with - out me, All

*dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

*rit.*

as I lay a dream - ing, A dreaming i - dle dreams.

James Russell Lowell.

German Air.

*Tenderly. Andante.*

1. As a twig trem-bles, which a bird Lights on to sing, then
2. As clasps a lake, by gusts un-riven, The blue dome's measure-
3. An an - gel stood and met my gaze, Thro' the low door-way
4. O, when the room grows slow - ly dim, And life's last oil is

*cres.*

leaves un - bent, So' is my mem - ry thrill'd and stirred; I  
 less con - tent, So my soul held that mo - ment's heaven; I  
 of my tent; The tent is struck, the vi - sion stays; I  
 near - ly spent, One gush of light these eyes will brim, On -

*cres.*

on - ly know she came and went, So is my mem - ry  
 on - ly know she came and went, So my soul held that  
 on - ly know she came and went, The tent is struck, the  
 ly to think she came and went, One gush of light these

*pp*

thrilled and stirred; I on - ly know she came and went.  
 mo - ment's heav'n; I on - ly know she came and went.  
 vi - sion stays; I on - ly know she came and went.  
 eyes will brim, On - ly to know she came and went.

*pp*

## STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

*Slow and gentle.*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night! Far in you az - ure deeps,  
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night! Far down you west - ern steeps,  
 3. Wind of the sum - mer night! Where you - der wood-bine creeps,  
 4. Dreams of the sum - mer night! Tell her, her lov - er keeps

Hide, hide your gold - en light! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!  
 Sink, sink in sil - ver light! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!  
 Fold, fold your pin - ions light! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!  
 Watch! while in slum - bers light She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

*pp*

She sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!  
 She sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!  
 She sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!  
 She sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

*pp*

Bayard Taylor.

Kreipel.

*mf* *p* *mf*

1. Near in the for-est I know a glade, Un-der the  
 2. There, where the sun-set's lanc-es of gold Pierce, or the  
 3. Nev-er the breez-es should lisp what we say, Nev-er the

*p* *mf* *mf*

tree-tops a se-cret shade! Vines are the cur-tains,  
 moon-light is sil-very cold, Would that an an-gel  
 wa-ters our se-cret be-tray! Si-lence and shad-ow,

*p* *cres.* *cres.*

blos-soms the floor; Voi-ces of wa-ters sing ev-er-  
 led thee to me— So, out of lone-li-ness love should  
 aft-er might reign; But the old life be ours nev-er a-

*dim.* *dim.*

more. Vines are the cur-tains, blos-soms the floor;  
 be! Would that an an-gel led thee to me—  
 gain! Si-lence and shad-ow, aft-er might reign;

*pp* *Rit.* *pp* *Rit.*

Voi-ces of wa-ters sing ev-er-more.  
 So out of lone-li-ness love should be!  
 But the old life be ours nev-er a-gain!

Phoebe Cary.

Michael Haydn.

*Andante.* *p* *pp*

1. Watch her kind - ly, kind - ly, stars, Watch her kind - ly,  
 2. Soothe her sweet - ly, sweet - ly, night, Soothe her sweet - ly,  
 3. Wake her gent - ly, gent - ly, morn, Wake her gent - ly,

*mf*

kind - ly, stars; From the sweet, pro - tect - ing skies  
 sweet - ly, night: On her eyes o'er - wear - ied press The  
 gent - ly, morn: Let the notes of ear - ly birds

*mf*

*p* *p cres.* *dim.*

Fol - low her with ten - der eyes, Look so lov - ing -  
 tir - ed lids with light ca - ress; Let that shadow-y  
 Seem like love's me - lo - dious words; Ev - 'ry pleas - ant

*p* *p cres.* *dim.*

*pp*

ly that she Can but think of me.  
 hand of thine In her dreams seem mine.  
 sound my dear, When she wakes should hear.

*pp*



Thomas Dunn English.

Nelson Kneass.

1. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt,  
 2. Un - der the hick - o - ry tree, Ben Bolt,  
 3. And don't you re - mem - ber the school, Ben Bolt,  
 4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,

Sweet Al - ice whose hair was so brown,  
 Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
 With the mas - ter so kind and so true,  
 They have changed from the old to the new,

Who wept with de - light when you gave her a smile,  
 To - geth - er we've lain in the noon - day shade,  
 And the shad - ed nook by the run - ning brook,  
 But I feel in the depths of my spir - it the triba,

And trem - bled with fear at your frown? In the  
 And list - ened to Ap - ple - ton's mill. The  
 Where the fair - est wild flow - ers grew? Grass  
 There nev - er was change in you.

old church - yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt,  
 mill - wheel has fal - len to piec - es, Ben Bolt,  
 grows on the mas - ter's grave, Ben Bolt,  
 Twelve - months twen - ty have passed, Ben Bolt,

In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone;  
 The raf - ters have tum - bled in,  
 The spring of the brook is dry,  
 Since first we were friends — yet I hail

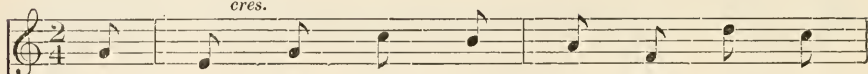
They have fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet  
 And a qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has  
 And of all the boys who were school - mates then, There are  
 Thy presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben

Al - ice lies un - der the stone, - der the stone.  
 fol - lowed the old - en din, - en din.  
 on - ly you and I, and I.  
 Bolt of the salt sea gale, sca gale.

## THE KATYDID.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.  
*cres.*

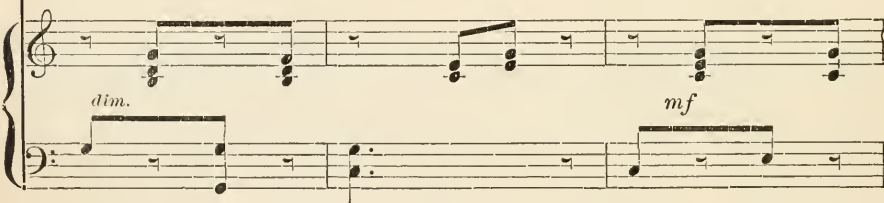
German Air.



1. O tell me where did Ka - ty live, And  
 2. Dear me! I'll tell you all a - bout My  
 3. Ah no! the liv - ing oak shall crash, That



what did Ka - ty do? . . . . And was she ve - ry  
 fuss with lit - tle Jane, . . . . And Ann, with whom I  
 stood for a - ges still, . . . . The rock shall rend its



fair and young, And yet so wick - ed, too? Did  
 used to walk So oft - en down the lane, And  
 mos - sy base And thun - der down the hill, Be -



*pp* *cres.* *dim.*

Ka - ty love a - naugh-ty man, Or kiss more cheeks than  
all that tore their locks of black, Or wet their eyes of  
fore the lit - tle Ka - ty - did Shall add one word, to

*pp* *cres.* *dim.*

*cres.*

'one? I war - rant Ka - ty did no more  
blue,— Pray tell me, sweet - est Ka - ty - did,  
tell The mys - tic sto - ry of the maid

*I* *2*

Than many a Kate has done, done.  
What did poor Ka - ty do, do?  
Whose name she knows so well, well.

*I* *2*

John Greenleaf Whittier.

German Air.

*Moderato.* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

1. Bland as the morn-ing breath of June The southwest breez-es  
 2. The fox his hill - side cell forsakes, The muskrat leaves his  
 3. So, in those win - ters of the soul, By bit - ter blasts and  
 4. The Night is moth - er of the Day, The Win - ter of the

*cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *dim.*

play; And, thro' its haze, the win - ter noon Seems  
 nook, The blue - bird in the mead - ow brakes Is  
 drear, O'er - swept from Mem - ory's fro - zen pole, Will  
 Spring, And ev - er up - on old De - cay The

*cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

warm as sum - mer's day. The snow - plumed An - gel  
 sing - ing with the brook. "Bear up, O Moth - er  
 sun - ny days ap - pear. Re - viv - ing Hope and  
 green - est moss - es cling. Be - hind the cloud the

*cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

*f* *dim.* *dim.*

of the North Has dropp'd his i - cy spear; A - gain the moss - y  
 Na - ture!" cry Bird, breeze, and streamlet free; "Our win - ter voi - ces  
 Faith, they show The soul its liv - ing pow'rs, And how be - neath the  
 star - light lurks, Thro' show'rs the sunbeams fall; For God, who lov - eth

*f* *dim.* *dim.*



1st time. 2d time.

earth looks forth, A - gain the streams gush clear, streams gush clear.  
 proph - e - sy Of sum - mer days to thee, days to thee!"  
 win - ter's snow Lie germs of sum - mer flow'rs, sum - mer flow'rs!  
 all His works, Has left His Hope with all, Hope with all!

1st time. 2d time.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into two parts: '1st time.' and '2d time.' by a repeat sign. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

## THINE EYES STILL SHINED.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Konradin Kreutzer.

*mf*

1. Thine eyes still shined for me, tho' far I  
 2. When the red - bird spread his sa - ble wing, And

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

*mp*

roved the land or sea: As I be - hold you  
 showed his side of flame; When the rose - bud ri - pened

Detailed description: This block contains the continuation of the musical score for the second piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is marked with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

## THINE EYES STILL SHINED.

*p*

even - ing star, Which yet be - holds not me. This  
to the rose, In both I read thy name. Thine

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "even - ing star, Which yet be - holds not me. This to the rose, In both I read thy name. Thine". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

*cres.* *p*

morn I climbed the mist - y hill And roam'd the pas - tures through; How  
eyes still shined for me, tho' far I roved the land or sea: As

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It begins with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking, followed by a *p* (piano) marking. The lyrics are: "morn I climbed the mist - y hill And roam'd the pas - tures through; How eyes still shined for me, tho' far I roved the land or sea: As". The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* marking on the bass line.

danced thy form be - fore my path, A - midst the deep - eyed dew!  
I be - hold you even - ing star, Which yet be - holds not me.

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "danced thy form be - fore my path, A - midst the deep - eyed dew! I be - hold you even - ing star, Which yet be - holds not me." The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line.

Phoebe Cary.

W. G. Becker.

*Allegretto. mf**pp*

1. Of what are you think - ing, my pret - ty maid, With your  
 2. I know by the blush - es up - on your cheek, Tho' you  
 3. You are count - ing the pet - als, one by one, Of your  
 4. Be - ware, be - ware, what you say and do, Fair

feet in the sum - mer clo - ver? Ah! you need not  
 strive to hide the tok - en; And I know be -  
 daint - y dew - y po - sies, To find from their  
 maid, with your feet in the clo - ver; For the poor - est

hang your mod - est head; I know 'tis a - bout your lov - er.  
 cause you will not speak The thought that is un - spok - en.  
 num - ber, when 'tis done, The se - cret it dis - clos - es.  
 man that comes to woo, May be the rich - est lov - er.

Bayard Taylor.

*Andante. mf*

Johann A. P. Schulz.

*p*

1. Now the days are brief and drear: Na - ked  
 2. Leave the clash - ing cym - bals mute! Pipe no  
 3. Where is Youth? He strayed a - way Thro' the  
 4. Yet a few more years to run, Wheel - ing

lies the new - born Year, In his crad - dle of the  
 more the hap - py flute! Sing no more that dan - cing  
 mead - ow flow'rs of May; Where is Love? The leaves that  
 round in gloom and sun: Oth - er rap - tures, oth - er

snow; And the winds un - bri - dled blow, And the  
 rhyme Of the ro - se's har - vest time; Sing a  
 fell From his tryst - ing - bow'r, can tell. Wis - dom  
 woes, — Toil al - ter - nate with Re - pose: Then to





*pp*

call - ing, But let me tell you, my child, Though  
 clo - ver, The swal - low come back to the eaves. The  
 dar - ling, The spring will be sure to come. So,

*mf* *mf*

day by day, as it clos - es, Doth dark - er and cold - er  
 rob - in will wear on his - bo - som A vest that is bright and  
 when some dear joy los - es Its beau - te - ous sum - mer

*cres.*

grow, The roots of the bright red ros - es Will  
 new, And the love - li - est way - side blos - som Will  
 glow, Think how the roots of the ros - es Are

*dim.*

keep a - live in the snow.  
 shine with the sun and dew.  
 kept a - live in the snow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

John Hullah.

1. The day is end - ing, The night is de - scend - ing; The  
 2. The snow re - com - men - ces; The bur - ied fen - ces  
 3. The bell is peal - ing, And ev - 'ry feel - ing With -

marsh is fro - zen, The riv - er is dead. Through  
 Mark no long - er The road o'er the plain; While  
 in me re - sponds To the dis - mal knell;

clouds like ash - es The red sun flash - es On  
 through the mead - ows, Like fear - ful shad - ows,  
 Shad - ows are trail - ing, My heart is be - wail - ing And

vil - lage win - dows That glim - mer red.  
 Slow - ly pass - es A fun - 'ral train.  
 toll - ing with - in Like a fun - 'ral bell.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

German Air

*mf* *mp*

1. Bur - ly, doz - ing hum - ble - bee, Where thou art is  
 2. When the south wind, in May days, With a net of  
 3. Hot mid - sum - mer's pet - ted crone, Sweet to me thy  
 4. Wis - er far than hu - man seer, Yel - low - breeched phi-

*mf* *mp*

*mf*

clime for me. Let them sail for Por - to Rique,  
 shin - ing haze Sil - vers the hor - i - zon wall,  
 drow - sy tone Tells of count - less sun - ny hours,  
 los - o - pher! See - ing on - ly what is fair,

*cres.*

Far - off heats through seas to seek; I will fol - low  
 And with soft - ness touch - es all, Thou, in sun - ny  
 Long days, sol - id banks of flowers; Aught un - sav - 'ry  
 Thou dost mock at fate and care; When the fierce north -

*cres.*

thee a - lone, Thou an - i - mat - ed tor - rid zone!  
 sol - i - tudes, Ro - ver of the un - der - woods,  
 or un - clean Hath my in - sect nev - er seen;  
 west - ern blast Cools sea and land so far and fast,

Let me chase thy wav - ing lines, Sing - ing o - ver shrubs and vines.  
The green si - lence dost dis - place With thy mel-low breezy bass.  
Clov - er, catch-fly, ad - der's tongue, Bri - er ro - ses, dwelt a - mong.  
Thou al - read - y slum - b' rest deep; Woe and want thou canst out - sleep.

## WOODNOTES.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Wenzel Müller.

1. He loved the wild, a for - est seer, A min - strel  
2. It seemed that Na - ture could not raise A plant in  
3. He saw the part - ridge drum in the woods; He heard the  
4. What oth - ers did at dis - tance hear, And guessed with -

of the nat - ural year, A lov - er true, who knew by  
an - y se - cret place, But he would come the ver - y  
wood - cock's ev'n - ing hymn; He found the tawn - y thrush - es'  
in the thick - et's gloom, Was shown to this phil - os - o -

heart Each joy the moun - tain dales im - part.  
hour It o - pened in its vir - gin bower.  
broods; And the shy hawk did wait for him.  
pher, And at his bid - ding seemed to come.

James Russell Lowell.

German Air.  
(Air: Buy a Broom.)

*mf* *p*

1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light,  
 2. In - to the star - light Rush - ing in spray,  
 3. Glad of all weath - ers, Still seem - ing best,  
 4. Cease less as - pir - ing, Cease - less con - tent,

*mf* *p*

Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn till night!  
 Hap - py at mid - night, Hap - py by day!  
 Up - ward or down - ward, Mo - tion thy rest;—  
 Dark - ness or sun - shine Thy el - e - ment;—

*p* *pp*

In - to the moon - light, Whit - er than snow,  
 Ev - er in mo - tion, Blithe - some and cheer - y,  
 Full of a na - ture Noth - ing can tame,  
 Glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Let my heart be

*p* *pp*

*mf* *pp*

Wav - ing so flower - like When the winds blow!  
 Still climb - ing heaven - ward, Nev - er a - weary;—  
 Changed ev - 'ry mo - ment, Ev - er the same;—  
 Fresh, changeful, con - stant, Up - ward, like thee!

*mf* *pp*



John Greenleaf Whittier.

German Air.

1. The harp at Na - ture's ad - vent strung Has nev - er ceased to  
 2. The green earth sends her in - cense up From many a moun - tain  
 3. The mists a - bove the morn - ing rills Rise white as wings of  
 4. The winds with hymns of praise are loud, Or low with sobs of  
 5. The blue sky is the tem - ple's arch, Its tran - sept earth and

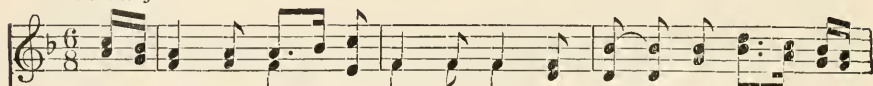
play; The song the stars of morn - ing sung Has  
 shrine; From fold - ed leaf and dew - y eup She  
 prayer; The al - tar - cur - tains of the hills Are  
 pain,— The thun - der or - gau of the cloud, The  
 air, The mu - sic of its star - ry mareh The

nev - er died a - way, Has nev - er died a - way.  
 pours her sa - cred wine, She pours her sa - cred wine.  
 sun - set's pur - ple air, Are sun - set's pur - ple air.  
 drop - ping tears of rain, The drop - ping tears of rain.  
 cho - rus of a prayer, The cho - rus of a prayer

## THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Albert Gottlieb Methfessel.

*Tenderly.*

1. A ten - der child of summers three, Seeking her lit - tle  
 2. We old - er chil - dren grope our way From dark be - hind to  
 3. Reach downward to the sun - less days Wherein our guides are

*Tenderly.*

bed at night, Paused on the dark stair tim - id - ly, "O  
 dark be - fore; And on - ly when our hands we lay, Dear  
 blind as we, And faith is small and hope de - lays; Take



moth - er! take my hand" said she, "And then the dark will  
 Lord, in Thine, the night is day, And there is dark - ness  
 Thou the hand of prayer we raise, And let us feel the



all be light, And then the dark will all be light."  
nev - er - more, And there is dark - ness nev - er - more.  
light of Thee, And let us feel the light of Thee.

GONE.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Theodore Stein.

*Andante.*

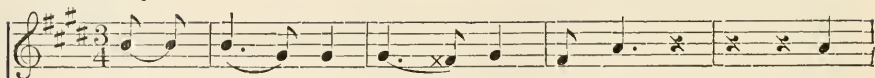
1. An - oth - er hand is beck'ning us, An - oth - er call is given;  
2. As pure and sweet, her fair brow seem'd E - tern - al as the sky;  
3. And half we deem'd she needed not The changing of her sphere,  
4. There seems a shad - ow on the day, Her smile no long - er cheers;  
5. A - lone un - to our Father's will One thought hath recon - ciled;

And glows once more with An - gel - steps The path which reaches Heaven  
And like the brook's low song, her voice, — A sound which could not die.  
To give to heav'n a Shin - ing One, Who walked an An - gel here.  
A dim - ness on the stars of night, Like eyes that look thro' tears.  
That He whose love ex - ceed - eth ours Hath ta - ken home His child.

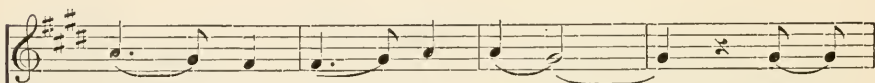
## DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

Alice Cary.

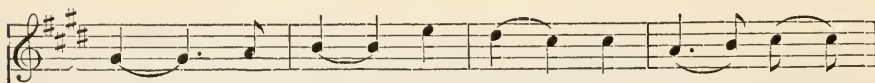
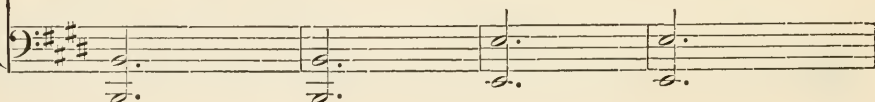
J. P. Webster.



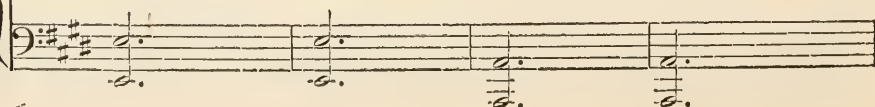
1. Ah, don't be sor-row-ful, dar-ling, And  
 2. We are old folks now, my dar-ling, Our  
 3. And God is God, my dar-ling, Of



don't be sor-row-ful, pray, . . . . For,  
 heads they are grow-ing gray, . . . . But  
 night as well as of day, . . . . But we



tak-ing the year to-geth-er, my dear, There  
 tak-ing the year all a-round, my dear, You will  
 feel and know that we can go, Wher-



DON'T BE S

is n't more night  
al - ways find  
ev - er He leads

than day! . . . 'Tis rain - y  
the May! . . . We have had our  
the way. . . . Aye, God of the

weath-er, my dar - ling,  
May, my dar - ling,  
night, my dar - ling

. . . Time's waves, they heav - i - ly  
. . . And our ros - es, long a -  
. . . Of the night of death, so

run, . . . .  
go, . . . .  
grim! . . . .

But tak - ing the year to -  
And the time of the year is  
The gate that leads out of



## DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

geth-er, my dear, There is n't more cloud than sun! . . .  
 com-ing, my dear, For the si - lent night and the snow! . . .  
 life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him. . .

## CHORUS.

Then, don't be sor - row - ful, dar - ling, . . . Don't be

sor - row - ful, pray; . . . For, tak - ing the year to -

geth - er, my dear, There is n't more night than day. . .

Bayard Taylor.

English Air.

*mp*

1. Learn to live, and live to learn, Ig - no - rance  
 2. In thy la - bors pa - tient be, Af - ter -  
 3. Toil, when will - ing, grow - eth less; "Al - ways  
 4. Live to learn, and learn to live, On - ly



like a fire doth burn, Lit - tle tasks make  
 ward, re - leased and free, Na - ture will be  
 play" may seem to bless, Yet the end is  
 this con - tent can give; Reck - less joys are



large re - turn; Learn to live, and live to learn.  
 bright to thee; In thy la - bors pa - tient be.  
 wea - ri - ness; Toil, when will - ing, grow - eth less.  
 fu - gi - tive! — Live to learn, and learn to live.

*Repeat pp*

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken.

*mf* *mp*

1. Let me go wher-e'er I will, where'er I will, . . . I  
 2. Let me go wher-e'er I will, where'er I will, . . . I  
 3. Let me go wher-e'er I will, where'er I will, . . . I

*mf*

hear a sky - born mu - sic still; It sounds from all things  
 hear a sky - born mu - sic still; Not on - ly in the  
 hear a sky - born mu - sic still; Not in the stars a -

*f*

old. It sounds from all things young, From all that's fair or foul peals out a  
 rose, Not on - ly in the bird, Nor on - ly in the song of wo - man  
 lone, Nor cups of bud - ding flow'rs, The red - breast's tone, the bow that smiles in

*mp*

song! From all that's fair, from all that's foul, Peals  
heard. Not on - ly in the rose, or bird, Nor  
showers. Not stars a - lone, or bud-ding flowers, The

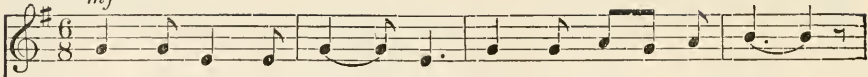
*pf*

out a cheer - ful, cheer - ful song, And in the dark - est,  
in the song of wo - man heard, But in the dark - est,  
bird, or bow that smiles in showers, But in the dark - est,

mean - est things, There al - way, al-way something sings.

Phoebe Cary.

English Air.

*mf*

1. Moth - er's quite dis - tract - ed, Sis - ter's in des - pair,  
 2. Sure - ly nev - er such a babe Made a moth - er glad;  
 3. When she comes to wo - man - hood, If she keeps so fair,



All the household is a - stir Search - ing ev - 'ry - where.  
 Nev - er such a dain - ty hand An - y ba - by had!  
 She will sure - ly wear the ring Maid - ens love to wear:



Ev - 'ry nook must be ex - plored, Ev - 'ry cor - ner scanned -  
 Small - est ring was ev - er made Off her fin - ger slips;  
 And lest she should lose it then, She'll be wise and deep,





Ba - by's lost the ti - ny ring From her lit - tle hand.  
 She should have a fair - y's ring For such ro - sy tips.  
 She will give to somebod - y Ring and hand to keep.

ALIKE ARE LIFE AND DEATH.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Christian Heinrich Rinck.

*Andante.*  
*mf*

1. A - like are life and death, When life in death sur - vives,  
 2. Were a star quenched on high, For a - ges would its light,  
 3. So when a great man dies, For years be - yond our ken,

And the un - in-ter-rupt-ed breath In - spires a thousand lives.  
 Still trav - 'ling downward from the sky, Shine on our mor - tal sight.  
 The light he leaves be - hind him lies Up - on the paths of men.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

John Godfrey Saxe.

J. M. Sayles.  
(Air: Beautiful Star.)

*mf*

1. Good - by, Old Year! I can but say,  
2. Good - by, Old Year! O lit - tle in - deed  
3. Good - by, Old Year! with words of grace

*mf*

*pp*

Sad - ly I see thee pass - ing a - way;  
Thy friend - ly voice we were wont to heed;  
Leave us with him who takes thy place; And

*pp*

*mp* *cres.*

Pass - ing a - way with the hopes and fears, The  
Tell - ing us, warn - ing us ev - 'ry day!  
say, Old Year, un - to the new,

*mp* *cres.*

*dim.*

bliss and pain, the smiles and tears, That  
 Tran - sient mor - tals! work and pray;  
 Kind - ly, care - ful - ly, car - ry them through, For

*dim.*

come to us in all the years.  
 You, like me are pass - ing a - way.  
 much, I ween, they have yet to do.

CHORUS.

*mp*

*cres.*

Good-by, Old Year, . . . I can but say, . . .

Good-by, Old Year,

I can but say,

*dim.*

Sad - ly I see thee pass - ing, pass - ing a - way.

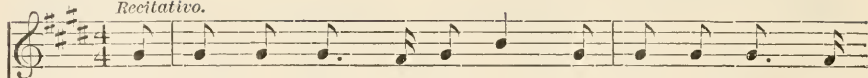
*dim.*

*f*

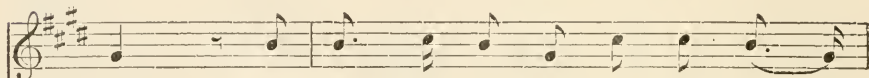
Alice Cary.

Unknown.

(Air: What's a' the steer, Kimmer?)

*Recitativo.*

1. Good old moth - er Fair - ie, Sit - ting by your  
 2. To chase a - way the shad - ows That make her moan and

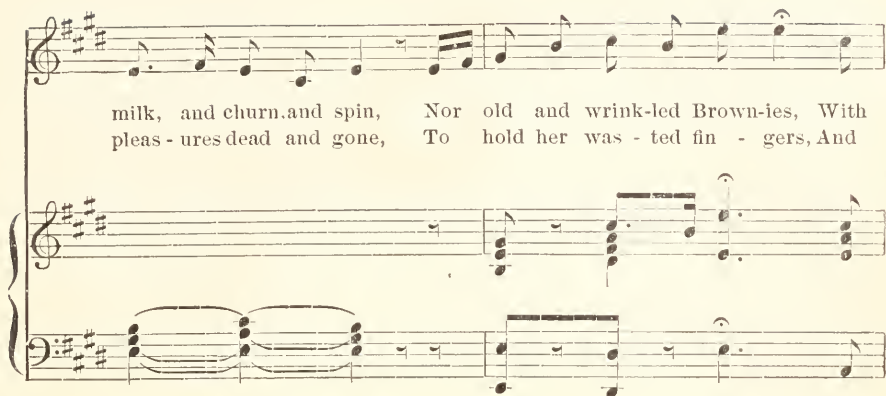
*Recitativo.*

- fire, Have you an y lit - tle folk  
 weep, To sing her lov - ing lul - la - bies, And



- You would like to hire? I want no chub - by drudg - es To  
 kiss her eyes a - sleep; And when in dreams she reach - es For





milk, and churn and spin, Nor old and wrink-led Brown-ies, With  
pleas - ures dead and gone, To hold her was - ted fin - gers, And



gris - ly beads, and thin: But pa - tient lit - tle  
make the rings stay on. They must be ver - y



peo - ple, With hands of bus - y care, And  
cun - ning To make the fu - ture shine Like



## TO MOTHER FAIRIE.

gen - tle speech, and lov - ing hearts; Say, have you such to spare?  
leaves, and flow'rs, and strawber-ries, A grow - ing on one vine;

I know a poor, pale bod - y, Who can - not sleep at night,  
So good old moth-er Fai - rie, Since now my need you know,

And I want the lit - tle peo-ple To keep her cham - ber bright.  
Tell me, have you a - ny folk, Who are wise e - nough to go?

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Joseph B. Sharland.

*Andante. (Not slow.)*

1. Re - vive a - gain, thou sum - mer rain, The bro - ken turf up -  
 2. With calm and beau - ty sym - bo - lize The peace which fol - lows  
 2. For safe with right and truth he is, As God lives he must



on his bed! Breathe, sum - mer wind, thy teu - d' rest straiu Of  
 long an - noy, And lend our earth - bent, mourn - ing eyes Some  
 live al - way; There is no end for souls like his, No



low, sweet mu - sic o - ver - head, sweet mu - sic o - ver - head!  
 hint of his di - vin - er joy, of his di - vin - er joy.  
 night for chil - dren of the day, for chil - dren of the day!



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Alfred Scott Gatty.

*Andante con molto espressione.*

Musical score for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a label "L. H." for the left hand.

1. The old house by the lin - dens Stood  
 2. The large New - found-land house-dog Was  
 3. The birds sang in the branch-es With

Musical score for the second system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

si - lent in the shade, And on the grav - elled  
 stand - ing by the door; He looked for his lit - tle  
 sweet, fa - mil - iar tone; But the voi - ces of the

Musical score for the third system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment.



path - way The light and shad - ow played. I  
 play - mates, Who would re - turn no more. They  
 chil - dren Will be heard in dreams a - lone! And the



saw the nur - s'ry win-dows Wide o - pen to the air, But the  
 walked not un - der the lin - dens, They played not in the hall; But  
 boy that walked be - side me, He could not un - der - stand Why



fa - ces of the chil - dren, They were no long - er there.  
 shad - ow, and si - lence, and sad - ness Were hang - ing o - ver all.  
 clos - er in mine, ah! clos - er, I press'd his warm, soft hand!



John Greenleaf Whittier.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

*Allegretto.*  
*mf*

1. I mourn no more my van - ished years: Be - neath a ten - der  
 2. The airs of spring may nev - er play A - mong the ripen - ing  
 3. All as God wills, who wise - ly heeds To give or to with -  
 4. That care and tri - al seem at last, Thro' mem - 'ry's sun - set

rain, An A - pril rain of smiles and tears, My  
 corn, Nor fresh - ness of the flowers of May Blow  
 hold, And know - eth more of all my needs Than  
 air, Like moun - tain - ran - ges o - ver - past, In

heart is young a - gain. The west - winds blow, and,  
 through the au - tumn morn; Yet shall the blue - eyed  
 all my prayers have told! E - nough that bless - ings  
 pur - ple dis - tance fair;— And so the shad - ows

*mf* *cres.*

sing - ing low, I hear the glad streams run; The  
 gen - tian look Thro' fring - ed lids to heaven, And  
 un - de - served Have marked my err - ing track;— That  
 fall a - part, And so the west - winds play; And

*dim.*



*cres.* *dim.*

win - dows of my soul I throw Wide o - pen to the sun.  
 the pale as - ter in the brook Shall see its im - age given.  
 wherso - e'er my feet have swerv'd, His chastening turned me baek; —  
 all the win - dows of my heart I o - pen to the day.

*cres.* *dim.*

NEARER HOME.

A CHANT.

Phoebe Cary.  
*Solemnly.*

1. One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes  
 2. Nearer my Fa - ther's house, Where the  
 3. Nearer the bound of life, Where we  
 4. But lying darkly be - tween, Wind-ing

to me o'er and o'er; I am nearer home to -  
 ma - ny man - sions be; Nearer the great white  
 lay our bur - dens down, Nearer leaving the  
 down through the night, Is the silent, unknown

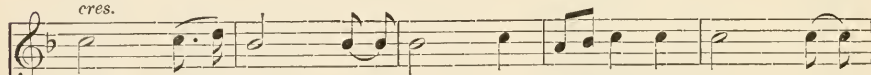
day Than I ever have been be - fore.  
 throne, Nearer the crystal sea;  
 cross, Nearer gaining the crown!  
 stream, That leads at last to the light.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

William Richardson Dempster.

*Andante.*

1. The day is cold, and dark, and drea - ry; It  
 2. My life is cold, and dark, and drea - ry; It  
 3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be -

*Andante.**cres.*

rains, and the wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still  
 rains, and the wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still  
 hind the clouds is the sun still shin - ing; Thy fate is the

*cres.**f**dim.*

clings to the moul - d'ring wall, But at ev - 'ry  
 cling to the moul - d'ring Past, But the hopes of  
 com - mon fate of all, In - to each





gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and  
 youth fall thick in the blast, And the days are dark and  
 life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and



drea - ry, . . . . . And the day is dark and  
 drea - ry, . . . . . And the days are dark and  
 drea - ry, . . . . . Some days must be dark and

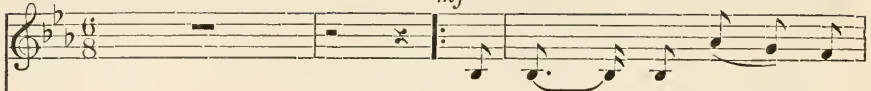


drea - ry, . . . . . And the day is dark and drea - ry.  
 drea - ry, . . . . . And the days are dark and drea - ry.  
 drea - ry, . . . . . Some days must be dark and drea - ry.

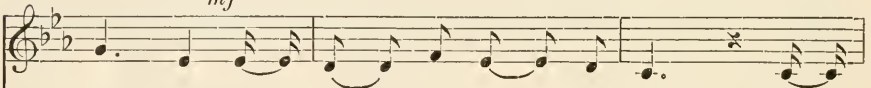


William Dean Howells.

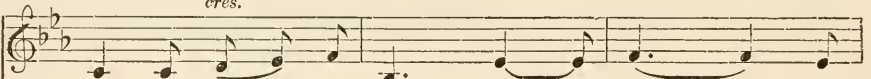
Halfdan Kjerulf.

*Moderato.**mf*

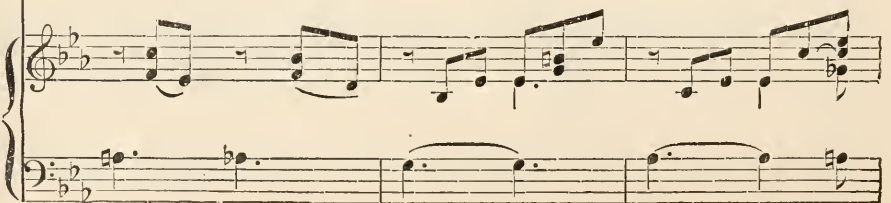
1. Full of beau - ti - ful  
 2. But all thro' the glow - ing  
 3. In youth there comes a

*Moderato.**mf*

blos - soms Stood the tree in ear - ly May: Came a  
 sum - mer The blossom - less tree thro' fair, And the  
 west - wind Blowing our blossoms a - way, — A

*mf**cres.*

chil - ly gale from the sun - set, And blew . . . the  
 fruit waxed ripe and mel - low, With sun - - ny  
 chil - ly breath of Au - tumn Out of the



blossoms a - way ; And scat-tered them through the gar - den,  
 rain and air ; And when the dim Oc - to - ber With  
 lips of May. We bear the ripe fruit aft - er, — Ah,

Tossed them in - to the mere : . . The sad tree moaned and  
 gold - en death was crowned, Un - der its heav - y,  
 me ! for the tho't of pain ! — We know the sweet - ness,

shuddered, “A - las ! . . . A - las ! the Fall is  
 groan - ing branch - es The tree stooped to the  
 and the beau - ty, And heart - bloom nev - er a -

here."  
ground.  
gain.

## I KNOW NOT WHAT THE FUTURE HATH.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

W. Irmer.

*p*

1. I know not what the fu - ture hath Of mar - vel or sur - prise,
2. And so be - side the Si - lent Sea I wait the muf - fled oar;
3. I know not where His is - lands lift Their fringed palms in air;
4. And Thou, O Lord! by Whom are seen Thy crea - tures as they be,

As - sured a - lone that life and death His mer - cy un - der - lies.  
No harm from Him can come to me On o - cean or on shore.  
I on - ly know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.  
For - give me if too close I lean My hu - man heart on Thee.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A. ten Cate.



1. Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest; Homekeeping hearts  
 2. Weary and home-sick and dis-tressed, They wan-der east,  
 3. Then stay at home, my heart, and rest; The bird is saf-



are hap-pi-est, For those that wan-der they  
 they wan-der west, And are baf-fled and beat-en and  
 est in the nest; O'er all that flut-ter their



know not where, Are full of trouble and full of care; To  
 blown a-bout By the winds of the wil-der-ness of doubt; To  
 wings and fly A hawk is hov-'ring in the sky; To



stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.



James Russell Lowell.

C. G. Bellmann.

*Andante con moto.*

1. Where is the true man's fa - ther - land? Is it  
 2. Wher - e'er a hu - man heart doth wear Joy's  
 3. Wher - e'er a sin - gle slave doth pine, Where

*Andante con moto.*

where he by chance was born? Doth not the yearn - ing spir - it  
 wreath or sor - row's gyves, Where'er a hu - man spir - it  
 one man may help an - other, — Thank God for such a birth - right,



scorn In such scant bor - ders to be spanned?  
 strives Af - ter a life' more true and fair,  
 broth - er, That spot of earth is thine and mine!

## CHORUS.

O yes, his fa - ther - land must be As the blue  
 There is the true man's birth - place grand, His is a  
 There is the true man's birth - place grand, His is a

heav - en, wide and free! Yes, his fa - ther - land must  
 world - wide fa - ther - land! There is the true man's birthplace  
 world - wide fa - ther - land! There is the true man's birthplace

be As the blue heav - en, wide and free!  
 grand, His is a world - wide fa - ther - land!  
 grand, His is a world - wide fa - ther - land!

Francis Bret Harte.

Edwin G. Hopkins.

*mp* *p*

1. O - ver the chim - ney the night - wind sang, And chant - ed a  
 2. O - ver the chim - ney the night - wind sang, And chant - ed a  
 3. O - ver the chim - ney the night - wind sang, And chant - ed a  
 4. O - ver the chim - ney the night - wind sang, And chant - ed a

*cres.* *dim.*

mel - o - dy no one knew; And the Wo - man stopped, as her  
 mel - o - dy no one knew; And the Chil - dren said, as they  
 mel - o - dy no one knew; And the Man, as he sat on his  
 mel - o - dy no one knew; But the Po - et list - ened and

*pp*

babe she toss'd, And thought of the one she had  
 clos - er drew, "Tis some witch that is cleav - ing the  
 hearth be - low, Said to him - self, "It will  
 smil'd, for he Was Man and Wo - man, and

long since lost, And said, as her tear - drops  
 black night thro' - "Tis a fai - ry trum - pet that  
 sure - ly snow, And fu - el is dear and  
 Child, all three, And said, "It is God's own

*cres.*

back she forced. "I hate the wind in the chim - ney."  
 just then blew, And we fear the wind in the chim - ney."  
 wa - ges low, And I'll stop the leak in the chim - ney."  
 har - mo - ny, This wind we hear in the chim - ney."

## LORD OF ALL BEING.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Francis Linley.

*cres.*

1. Lord of all be - ing! throned a - far, Thy glo - ry  
 2. Sun of our life, thy quick - 'ning ray Sheds on our  
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is  
 4. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling

flames in sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of  
 path the glow of day; Star of our hope, thy  
 truth, whose warmth is love, Be - fore thy ev - er -  
 hearts that burn for thee, Till all thy liv - ing

ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!  
 soft - en'd light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.  
 blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.  
 al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'n - ly flame!

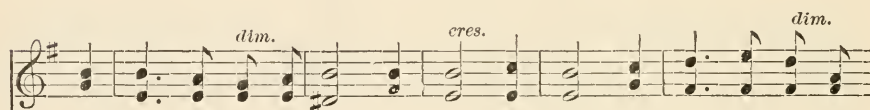
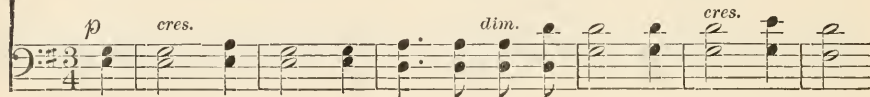
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

*Moderato.*

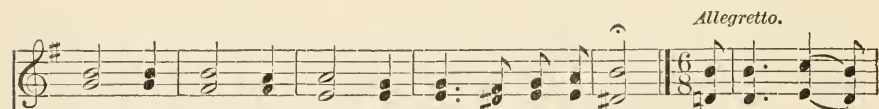
William H. Hutchinson.



1. Cease, cease to think, but be content to be; Swing safe at an -  
 2. Call not such hours an idle waste of time,—Land that lies fal -



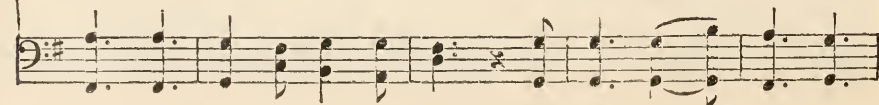
chor in fair Nature's bay, Rea-son no more, but o'er thy quiet  
 low gains a quiet power; It treasures, from the brood-ing of God's



soul Let God's sweet teach-ings rip - ple their soft way. Soar with the  
 wings, Strength to un - fold the fu - ture tree and flower. And when the



birds, and flut-ter with the leaf; Dance with the seed - ed  
 sum - mer's glo-rious show is past, Its mir - a - cles no





grass in fring - y play; Sail with the cloud, wave with the  
long - er charm thy sight, The treas - ured rich - es of those

dream - ing pine, And float with Na - ture all the live - long day.  
thought - ful hours Shall make thy win - try mus - ings warm and bright.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

L. O. Emerson.

1. There is a Reaper, whose name is Death, And, with his sick - le keen,  
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the beard - ed grain?  
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their droop - ing leaves;  
4. "My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper said, and smiled;  
5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care,  
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love;  
7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day;

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow be - tween.  
Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."  
It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child."  
And saints, upon their garments white, These sa - cred blos - soms wear."  
She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a - bove.  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs a - way.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

*Allegretto.*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

1. Just as the moon was fa - ding a -  
 2. "Quite like a stock-ing," he laughed, "hung

*Allegretto.*

mid her mis - ty rings, . . . And ev - 'ry  
 up there on the tree! . . . I didn't sup -

stock-ing was stuffed with child - hood's pre - cious  
 pose the birds ex - pect - ed a pres - ent from



things, . . . Old Kriss Krin - gle looked round and saw up -  
me!" . . . Then old Kriss Krin - gle, who loves a joke as



on the elm - tree bough, High hung an  
well as the best, Dropped a handful of

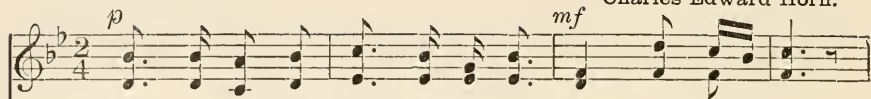


o - ri - ole's nest, . . . lone - ly and emp - ty now.  
snow - flakes in - to the o - ri - ole's emp - ty nest.

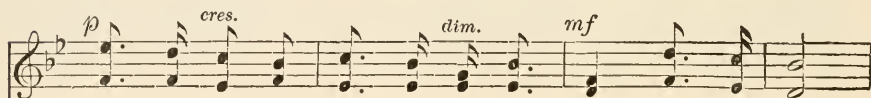


George Pope Morris.

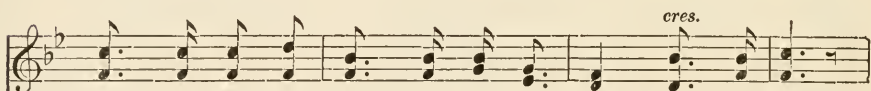
Charles Edward Horn.



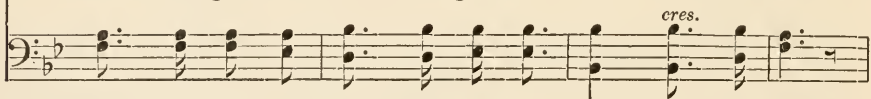
1. Near the lake where drooped the wil-low, Long time a - go!  
 2. Rock, and tree, and flow - ing wa-ter, Long time a - go!  
 3. Min - gled were our hearts for-ev - er, Long time a - go!



Where the rock threw back the bil - low, Bright - er than snow!  
 Bird, and bee, and blos - som taught her Love's spell to know.  
 Can I now for - get her? nev - er! No, lost one, no!



Dwelt a maid be - loved and cher-ished By high and low;  
 While to my fond words she list - ened, Mur - mur - ing low,  
 To her grave these tears are giv - en, Ev - er to flow!



But with Au - tumn's leaf she per - ished, Long time a - go!  
 Ten - der - ly her dove - eyes glist - ened, Long time a - go!  
 She's the star I missed from heaven, Long time a - go!



Arr. from E. E. Whittemore.

*Moderato*

1. Kind words can nev - er die, nev - er die, Cher - ished and blest;  
 2. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, nev - er die, Tho' like the flowers,  
 3. Child - hood can nev - er die, nev - er die, Wrecks of the past

God knows how deep they lie, . . . Stored in the breast.  
 Their bright-est hues may fly, . . . In win-try hours:  
 Float o'er the mem - o - ry, . . . Bright to the last,

*cres.* *f*

God knows how deep they lie,  
 The bright-est hues may fly,  
 Float o'er the mem-o - ry,

Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said  
 But when the gentle dew Gives  
 Ma - ny a hap - py thing, Ma -

Like child-hood's sim - ple rhyme<sup>s</sup> Said o'er a thou - sand  
 But when the gen - tle dew Gives taem their charms a -  
 Ma - ny a hap - py thing, Ma - ny a bloom - ing

o'er a thousand times, Aye, in all years and climes, Dis - tant and near.  
 them their charms anew, with many an add - ed hue, They bloom a - gain.  
 ny a blooming spring, Float o'er life's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way.

*pp* *rit.*

times,  
 new,  
 spring,



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

*mf**cres.*

1. I do not count the hours I spend In wan-d'ring by the sea;  
 2. In plains that room for shad-ows make Of skirt-ing hills to lie, \\  
 3. See thou bring not to fields or stone The fan-cies found in books;

*f**dim.**p*

The for-est is my loy-al friend, Like God it us-eth me.  
 Bound in by streams which give and take Their col-ors from the sky;  
 Leave au-thors' eyes, and fetch your own, To brave the landscape's looks;

*mf*

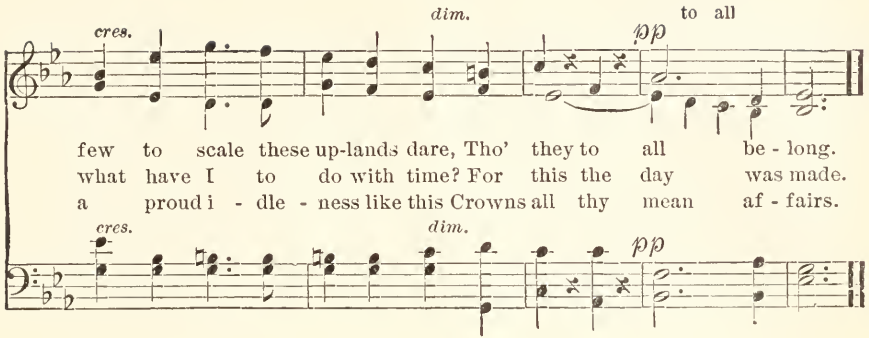
A-loft, in se-cret veins of air, Blows the sweet breath of song, O  
 Or on the mountain-crest sub-lime, Or down the o-pen glade, O  
 Ob-liv-ion here thy wis-dom is, Thy thrift, the sleep of cares; For

*dim.*

few to scale these up-lands dare, Tho' they to all be-long, O  
 what have I to do with time? For this the day was made, O  
 a proud i-dle-ness like this Crowns all thy mean af-fairs, For



*cres.* *dim.* *pp* to all

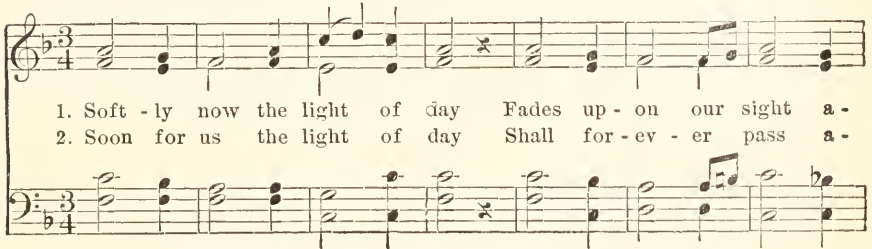


few to scale these up-lands dare, Tho' they to all be - long.  
 what have I to do with time? For this the day was made.  
 a proud i - dle - ness like this Crowns all thy mean af - fairs.

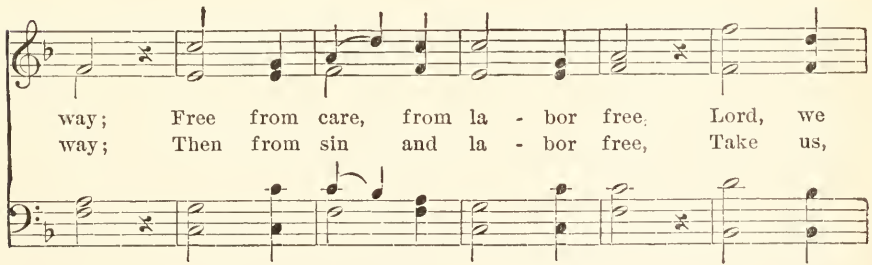
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

George Washington Doane.

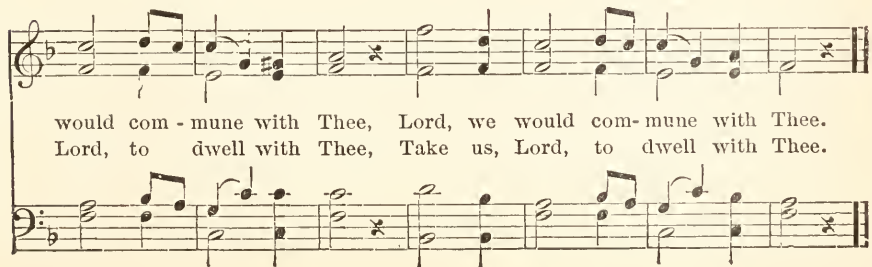
Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a -  
 2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a -



way; Free from care, from la - bor free. Lord, we  
 way; Then from sin and la - bor free, Take us,



would com - mune with Thee, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.  
 Lord, to dwell with Thee, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Sarah Flower Adams.

Lowell Mason.

*mf* *mp*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee:  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps up to heav'n;  
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,

*mf* *mp*

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;  
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;  
 All that Thousand - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;  
 Out of my ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise;

*ff*

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

*mf* *pp*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Alice Cary.

Arr. from Franz Abt.

*Moderato.*

1. There is hov - er - ing a - bout me A power so sweet, so



1. There is hov - er - ing a - bout me A power so sweet, so



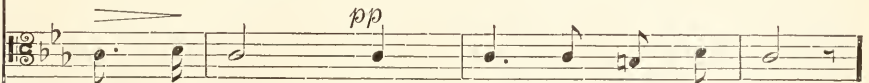
sweet, I know, de - spite my sor - row, That we shall



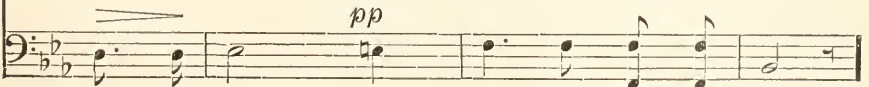
sweet, I know, de - spite my sor - row, That we shall



sure - ly meet, . . . That we shall sure - ly meet.



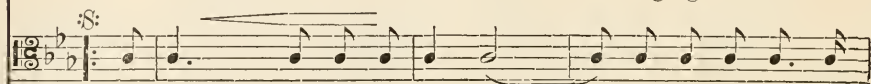
sure - ly meet, That we shall sure - ly meet.



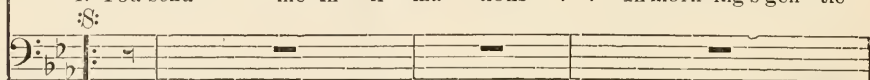
## THERE IS HOVERING ABOUT ME.



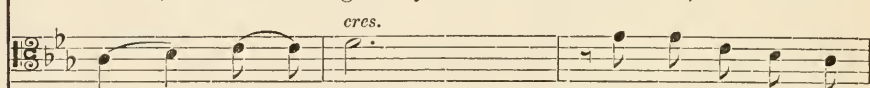
2. I know, and thus the dark-ness Be - tween us is de -  
 4. You send me in - ti - ma - tions In morn - ing's gen - tle



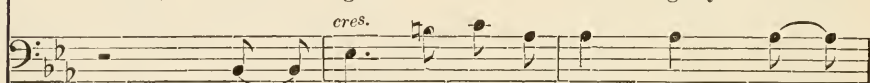
2. I know, and thus the dark - ness . . . Between us is de -  
 4. You send me in - ti - ma - tions . . . In morn - ing's gen - tle



fied, That death is but a shad - ow, That  
 beams, And at night you come and meet me, And at



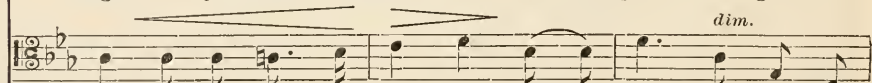
fied, That death, That death is but a  
 beams, And at night, at night you come and



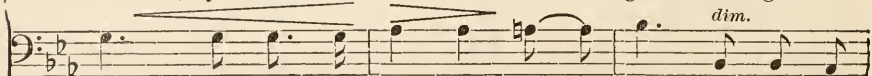
That death is but a shad ow, That  
 And at night you come and meet me, And at



death is but a shad - ow, With sun - shine ei - ther  
 night you come and meet me In the gold - en gate of



shad - ow, is but a shad - ow, With sun - shine ei - ther  
 meet me, you come and meet me In the gold - en gate of



death is but a shad - ow, With sun - shine ei - ther  
 night you come and meet me In the gold - en gate of

side, With sun - shine ei - ther side. 3. The world is ver - y  
dreams, In the gold - en gate of dreams.

side, With sun - shine ei - ther side. 3. The world is ver - y  
dreams, In the gold - en gate of dreams.

wea - ry, But I shall ev - er know That still there is a

wea - ry, But I shall ev - er know That still there is a

borderland Where spirits come and go, Where spir - its come and go;

borderland Where spirits come and go, Where spir - its come and go;

## MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME.

John Burroughs.

E. W. Foster.

*Moderato sostenuto.*

Se -

*m* *cres.* *f*

*mp tranquillo.*

rene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea. I

*mp*

rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me. I

*cres.* *poco rall.*

*cres.* *poco rall.*



*mf a tempo.*



{ stay my haste, I make de-lays, For what a-vails this ea-ger pace? I  
stars come nightly to the sky; The ti-dal wave un-to the sea; Nor

*mf*

*mf a tempo.*

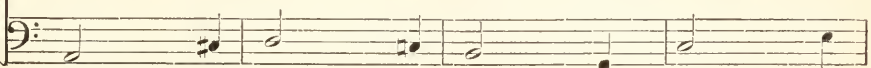


*con passione.*



stand, a-mid th'e-ter-nal ways, And what is mine shall know my face, I  
time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own a-way from me, Nor

*cres.*



*mf*

*cres.*

*poco a poco.*

*rall.*

*sf*

*sf*

FINE.



stand a-mid th'e-ter-nal ways, And what is mine shall know my face. }  
time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own a-way from me. }

*mf*

*cres.*

*poco a poco.*

*rall.*

*sf*

FINE.



## MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME.

*a tempo.* *mf* *più animato.*

A - sleep, a - wake, by night or day The friends I seek are seek - ing

*a tempo.* *mf* *più animato.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top line is the vocal melody, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are 'A - sleep, a - wake, by night or day The friends I seek are seek - ing'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a left-hand staff with a bass clef. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines. Performance markings include 'a tempo.' and 'mf più animato.' above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment.

me; No wind can drive my bark a - way, Nor change the tide of des - ti -

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'me; No wind can drive my bark a - way, Nor change the tide of des - ti -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line.

*cres.*

ny. What mat-ter if I stand a - lone? I wait with joy the com-ing

*sf*

Detailed description: This system contains the third two lines of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'ny. What mat-ter if I stand a - lone? I wait with joy the com-ing'. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo, indicated by the 'cres.' marking above the vocal line and the 'sf' (sforzando) marking below the piano part. The system ends with a double bar line.

*m* *più lento. con espress.* *poco cres.*

years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gath-er up its fruits of

Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gath-er up its fruits of'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'poco cres.' (poco crescendo). The system concludes with a double bar line.

*sf* *f* *a tempo.* *poco rit.*

tears; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gather up its fruits of tears.

*m a tempo.* *m con grazia.*

The wa - ters know their own and draw The brook that

*m con grazia.*

springs from you - der height; So flows the good with e - qual

*sf*

*riten. a pia.* *D.S.*

law Un - to the soul, the soul of pure de - light. The

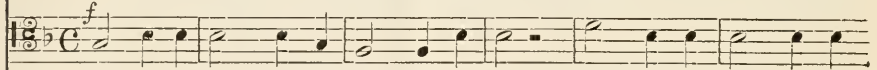
*D.S.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

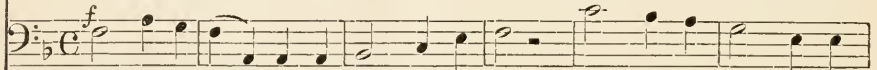
Matthias Keller.



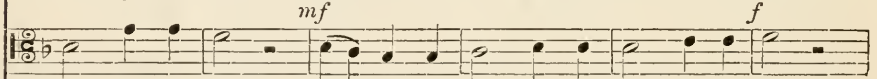
1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy white wings to the  
 2. Brothers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Ming - ling the gifts we have  
 3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, an - swer the strain! Hark! a new birthsong is



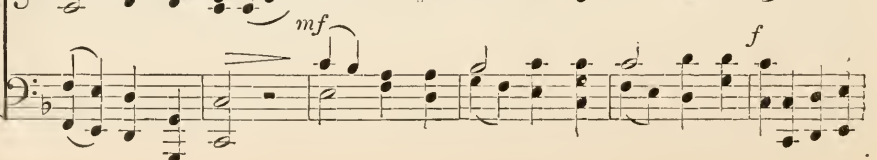
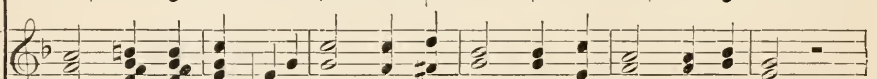
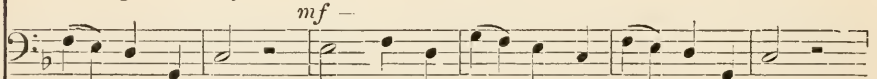
1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy white wings to the  
 2. Brothers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Ming - ling the gifts we have  
 3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, an - swer the strain! Hark! a new birthsong is

*Maestoso.* ♩ = 76.

- sun - shine of love! Come while our voi - ces are blend - ed in song, -  
 gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine,  
 fill - ing the sky! - Loud as the stormwind that tum - bles the main



- sun - shine of love! Come while our voi - ces are blend - ed in song, -  
 gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine,  
 fill - ing the sky! - Loud as the stormwind that tum - bles the main



*ff*

Fly to our ark like the storm-beat-en dove! Fly to our ark on the  
 Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea,— Meadow and mountain and  
 Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply,— Let the loud tem - pest of

*ff*

Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove! Fly to our ark on the  
 Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea,— Meadow and mountain and  
 Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply,— Let the loud tem - pest of

*ff*

*mf* *ff*

*mf* *cres.* *f*

wings of the dove,— Speed o'er the far-sounding bil - lows of song,  
 for - est and sea! Sweet is the fragrance of myr - tle and pine,  
 voi - ces re - ply,— Roll its long surge like the earthshaking main!

*mf* *cres.* *f*

wings of the dove,— Speed o'er the far-sounding bil - lows of song,  
 for - est and sea! Sweet is the fragrance of myr - tle and pine,  
 voi - ces re - ply,— Roll its long surge like the earthshaking main!

*mf* *cres.* *f*

*mf* *cres.* *f*



## ANGEL OF PEACE.

Crowned with thine ol - ive - leaf gar - land of love,— An - gel of  
 Sweet - er the in - cense we of - fer to thee, Broth - ers once  
 Swell, the vast song till it mounts to the sky!— An - gels of

*ff*

Crowned with thine ol - ive - leaf gar - land of love,— An - gel of  
 Sweet - er the in - cense we of - fer to thee, Broth - ers once  
 Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!— An - gels of

*ff*

*ff*

Peace, thou hast wait - ed too long!  
 more round this al - tar of thine!  
 Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain!

Peace, thou hast wait - ed too long!  
 more round this al - tar of thine!  
 Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain!

*ff*



John Greenleaf Whittier.

Johann Friedrich Reichardt.

*mf*

1. Be - neath the moon - light and the snow, Lies  
 2. I grieve not with the moan - ing wind As  
 3. Not mind - less of the grow - ing years Of  
 4. The years no charm from Na - ture take; As  
 5. Rest for the wea - ry hands is good, And  
 6. Let winds that blow from heaven re - fresh, Dear

*mf*

*mp*

dead my lat - est year; The win - ter winds are  
 if a loss be - fell; Be - fore me, e - ven  
 care and loss and pain, My eyes are wet with  
 sweet her voi - ces call, As beau - ti - ful her  
 love for hearts that pine, But let the man - ly  
 Lord, the lan - guid air; And let the weak - ness

*mp*

*dim.*

wail - ing low Its dir - ges in my ear.  
 as be - hind, God is, and all is well!  
 thank - ful tears For bless - ings which re - main.  
 morn - ings break, As fair her even - ings fall.  
 hab - i - tude Of up - right souls be mine.  
 of the flesh Thy strength of spir - it share.

*dim.*

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Ferdinand Gumbert.

1. With a glo - ry of win - ter sun - shine  
 2. It came from his own fair cit - y From the  
 3. The lays of his life's glad morn - ing, The  
 4. With a sense of awe he list - ened To the

O - ver his locks of gray, In the old his - tor - ic  
 prai - rie's bound - less plain, From the Gold - en Gate of  
 psalms of his eve - ning time, Whose ech - oes shall float for -  
 voi - ces sweet and young; The last of earth and the

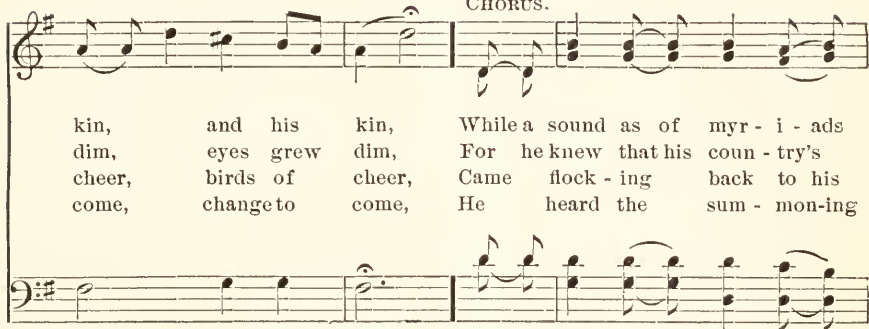
man - sion, He sat, on his last birth-day; (Bass) With his  
 sun - set, And the ce - darn woods of Maine. (Bass) And his  
 ev - er On the winds of ev - 'ry clime. (Bass) All their  
 first of heav'n Seem'd in the songs they sung. (Bass) And

- (SOP.) 1. With his books and his pleas - ant pic - tures, And his  
 (SOP.) 2. And his heart grew warm with - in him, And his  
 (SOP.) 3. All their beau - ti - ful con - so - la - tions Sent  
 (SOP.) 4. And wait - ing a lit - tle long - er For the

books and his pleas - ant pic - tures, And his house - hold and his  
 heart grew warm with - in him, And his moist - ning eyes grew  
 beau - ti - ful con - so - la - tions, Sent forth like birds of  
 wait - ing a lit - tle long - er For the wonder - ful change to

house - hold and his kin,  
 moist - 'ning eyes grew dim,  
 forth like birds of cheer,  
 won-der-ful change to come,

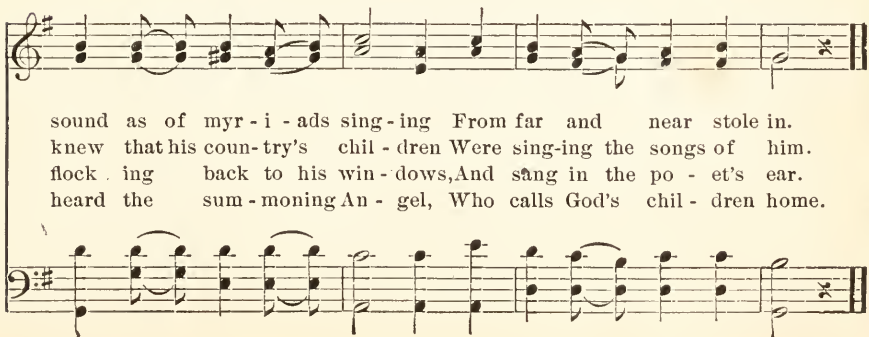
## CHORUS.



kin, and his kin, While a sound as of myr - i - ads  
 dim, eyes grew dim, For he knew that his coun - try's  
 cheer, birds of cheer, Came flock - ing back to his  
 come, change to come, He heard the sum - mon-ing



sing - ing From far and near stole in, While a  
 chil - dren Were sing - ing the songs of him: For he  
 win - dows, And sang in the po - et's ear, Came  
 An - gel, Who calls God's chil - dren home! He



sound as of myr - i - ads sing - ing From far and near stole in.  
 knew that his coun - try's chil - dren Were sing - ing the songs of him.  
 flock - ing back to his win - dows, And sang in the po - et's ear.  
 heard the sum - moning An - gel, Who calls God's chil - dren home.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Henry Smart.

*mf* *dim.* *mp* *cres.* *dim.*

1. Tell me not in mournful num-bers Life is but an emp - ty  
 2. In the world's broad field of bat - tle, In the biv - ou - ac of  
 3. Lives of great men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub -

*cres.* *f*

dream! For the soul is dead that slum-bers. And things are not what they  
 Life, Be not like dumb, driven cat - tle, Be a he - ro in the  
 lime, And, de - part - ing, leave be - hind us Footprints on the sands of

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

seem, And things are not what they seem. Life is re - al! Life is  
 strife! Be a he - ro in the strife! Trust no fu - ture how - e'er  
 time; — Footprints on the sands of time; — Foot - prints, that perhaps an -

*dim.* *ff*

ear - nest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust re -  
 pleas - ant; Let the dead past bury its dead! Act — act in the liv - ing  
 oth - er, Sail - ing o'er life's sol - emn main, A for - lorn and shipwreck'd

*dim.* *pp* *rit.*

turn - est. Was not spo - ken of the soul. Was not spo - ken of the soul.  
 pres - ent! Heart within and God o'er - head, Heart within, and God o'er head!  
 broth - er, See - ing, shall take heart a - gain, See - ing, shall take heart a - gain.

Fanny Crosby.

George Frederick Root.

*Moderato.*



1. There's mu - sic in the air . . . When the in - fant morn is
2. There's mu - sic in the air . . . When the noon-tide's sul - try
3. There's mu - sic in the air . . . When the twi - light's gen - tle



nigh, And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky.  
 beam Re - flects a gold - en light On the dis - tant moun-tain stream.  
 sigh Is lost on eve-ning's breast As its pen - sive beau - ties die.



Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of  
 When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing  
 Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce -



\* A good effect is produced by playing this part an octave higher.



## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the  
 head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the  
 les - tial song; An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand in the third staff and the left hand in the fourth staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2.

*2d time pp.*

mu - sic in the air.  
 mu - sic in the air.  
 mu - sic in the air.

*2d time pp.*

*2d time pp.*

This system continues the musical score. It features the same four-staff layout as the first system. The vocal line has three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns. The key signature and time signature remain consistent.

This system concludes the piece. It follows the same four-staff format. The vocal line is silent, and the piano accompaniment provides the final melodic and harmonic resolution. The key signature and time signature are maintained throughout.



# INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Afternoon in February . . . . .	115	Kind Words can never die . . . . .	155
Alike are Life and Death . . . . .	129	Kriss Kringle . . . . .	152
America . . . . .	1	Laus Deo! . . . . .	32
Angel of Peace . . . . .	166	Learn to live, and live to learn . . . . .	125
Around the Hearth . . . . .	64	Life on the Ocean Wave, A . . . . .	58
Autumn Festival, For an . . . . .	59	Light that is felt, The . . . . .	120
Baby Charley . . . . .	91	Little House on the Hill, The . . . . .	84
Baby's Ring . . . . .	128	Long Time Ago . . . . .	154
Ballad of the Boston Tea Party, A . . . . .	18	Lord of All Being . . . . .	149
Battle Hymn of the Republic . . . . .	36	May, the Maiden . . . . .	97
Ben Bolt . . . . .	104	Midsummer Song, A . . . . .	66
Bridge, The . . . . .	86	Minnehaha, The Death of . . . . .	75
Captain's Daughter, The . . . . .	82	Mother Fairie, To . . . . .	132
Centennial Hymn . . . . .	45	My Birthday . . . . .	169
Child and Mother . . . . .	78	My Country, 't is of Thee . . . . .	1
Columbus . . . . .	47	My Mother's Memory . . . . .	74
Concord Hymn . . . . .	9	My Own shall come to me . . . . .	162
Corn Song, The . . . . .	60	My Psalm . . . . .	138
Curfew . . . . .	85	Near in the Forest . . . . .	102
Death of Minnehaha, The . . . . .	75	Nearer Home . . . . .	133
Decoration Day . . . . .	43	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	158
Don't be sorrowful, Darling . . . . .	122	Negro Boatman, Song of the . . . . .	24
Dream of Summer, A . . . . .	168	November . . . . .	113
Faithful . . . . .	89	Now . . . . .	30
Falcon, The . . . . .	10	O Captain! My Captain! . . . . .	46
Fatherland, The . . . . .	146	Ode for Washington's Birthday . . . . .	21
Fishermen, The . . . . .	52	Old Ironsides . . . . .	11
Flag, The . . . . .	44	Old Oaken Bucket, The . . . . .	70
Flower of Liberty, The . . . . .	2	Old Year and the New, The . . . . .	130
For an Autumn Festival . . . . .	59	Open Window, The . . . . .	136
Fortune in the Daisy, The . . . . .	111	Our Country . . . . .	40
Fountain, The . . . . .	118	Our Country's Call . . . . .	5
God Speed the Right . . . . .	67	Pleasure-Pain . . . . .	142
Gone . . . . .	121	Poet, The . . . . .	126
Hail, Columbia! . . . . .	12	Poet and the Children, The . . . . .	170
Harp at Nature's Advent strung, The . . . . .	119	Poor Voter on Election Day, The . . . . .	7
Heritage, The . . . . .	90	Proposal, The . . . . .	96
Home Again . . . . .	63	Psalm, My . . . . .	138
Home, Sweet Home . . . . .	62	Psalm of Life, A . . . . .	172
Humble-Bee, The . . . . .	116	Rain on the Roof . . . . .	68
Hunter's Serenade, The . . . . .	54	Rainy Day, The . . . . .	140
Hymn sung at St. Helena's Island . . . . .	26	Raven, The . . . . .	61
Idle . . . . .	98	Ready . . . . .	34
If I were a Sunbeam . . . . .	65	Reaper and the Flowers, The . . . . .	151
I know not what the Future hath . . . . .	144	Red, White, and Blue, The . . . . .	16
In Absence . . . . .	103	Sail on, O Ship of State! . . . . .	6
Indian Girl's Lament, The . . . . .	72	She came and went . . . . .	100
Katydid, The . . . . .	106	Softly now the Light of Day . . . . .	157
		Song of the Flag, A . . . . .	20

Song of the Negro Boatman . . . . .	24	True Freedom . . . . .	4
Speed Away! . . . . .	71	Under the Trees . . . . .	49
Stars of the Summer Night . . . . .	101	Voyagers, The . . . . .	53
Star-Spangled Banner, The . . . . .	14	Waldeinsamkeit . . . . .	156
Storm Song, The . . . . .	50	Washington's Birthday, Ode for . . . . .	21
Swanee River . . . . .	33	What the Chimney sang . . . . .	148
Summers come and go, The . . . . .	112	Where the Eagle is King . . . . .	27
Summer Studies . . . . .	150	Will and I . . . . .	92
Sweet Little Man, The . . . . .	38	Wind and Sea . . . . .	56
Sword of Bunker Hill, The . . . . .	22	Woodman, Spare that Tree . . . . .	69
Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground . . . . .	42	Woodnotes . . . . .	117
There is hovering about me . . . . .	159	Wynken, Blynken, and Nod . . . . .	93
There is no End for Souls like his . . . . .	135	Ye say they all have passed away . . . . .	73
'There 's Music in the Air . . . . .	173		
Thine Eyes still shined . . . . .	109		
To Mother Fairie . . . . .	132		
To stay at Home is best . . . . .	145		

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